Week ending November 12 1955 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Begins this week

'FRENCH LEAVE'

The riotous new novel by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

If you haven't tried Surf lately *what* a surprise you're in for!

NOT ONE . . . NOT TWO . . . BUT FOUR SURPRISES!

1. Just look at the price!

The latest Surf costs less than other leading detergents. The big Family-size is only 1/8d. The Handy-size only 10½d. Yes, you'll like the price—but that's not half the story.

2. Just smell it!

Enjoy its new fragrance. It makes everything you wash fresh and sweet. This latest Surf makes your kitchen pleasanter too—helps keep away old-time "Monday-Mustiness".

3. See what a five-minute boil does!

Take a stained tea-cloth. Or a grimy shirt. Boil in the latest Surf the usual way — except for this. Boil for only five minutes. In that five minutes something wonderful happens.

4. Look at the difference—whites really spotless!

Look what the latest Surf does! See those sparkling whites. Absolutely spotless! Compare them with last week's wash. Could any other powder do as good a job!

SURF BOILS SPOTLESS – SPOTLESS WHITE!

SUR 308-55

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

EDITORIAL

Clear the air

SMOKE is evil. In damage to buildings, clothing and furniture, and as a cause of lost efficiency, it costs Britain at least £250,000,000 a year, says Dr. Albert Parker, director of the government's fuel research station.

In the form of smog, smoke kills. On December 5, 1952, smog caused the deaths of four thousand people in Greater London. On a lower level, smoke is a daily irritant, causing nylon stockings to ladder and giving city housewives twice as much dusting and laundering as countrywomen.

The first moves in an official battle against smoke are being made. Last month the City of London became the eighth local authority to create a smokeless area. Soon, when Parliament has passed the Clean Air Bill, local authorities will have the power to create these clean zones without the high cost of a Private Bill.

THE smoke abatement experts, however, believe that fifty years may pass before these measures clear the smoke away—though it will be sooner if local councillors are badgered by ratepayers to take advantage of the new law. But even now, this is one issue on which the individual need not sit back and wait for the authorities to act. Half the smoke in Britain's air comes from household chimneys. Half the remedy is in the hands of householders.

SIR HUGH BEAVER
"Everybody can do something"

"It is no use saying, 'My little wisp of smoke won't do any harm,'" says Sir Hugh Beaver, who was chairman of the committee that investigated air pollution. "Everybody can do something."

Each of the 1,600,000 houses built by local authorities since the end of the war has been fitted with grates designed for solid, smokeless fuel. Ninety per cent of those grates still burn smoke-producing coal.

MORE than seven million other houses still contain old-fashioned coal-burning grates. They will just as easily burn the low-temperature cokes, all of which are smokeless. Better still, for as little as £4 each the owners can replace these antiquated fireplaces with smokeless fuel grates. Besides making the local air a little cleaner, the householder would gain about thirty per cent more heat.

Admittedly, supplies of solid smokeless fuel are at present inadequate to meet a large-scale conversion to smokeless grates. But if the demand appears, it will be the job of the fuel scientists to increase supplies to meet it.

"In ten to fifteen years we can have a Britain cleaner than it has been for a hundred years," says Sir Hugh Beaver.

But only if every householder plays his small part in letting the sun come through.

ON OTHER PAGES

Fiction

FRENCH LEAVE (Part 1)	*by P. G. Wodehouse*	9
AMBUSH AT SCISSORS CREEK	*by Merle Constiner*	19
VICTORIA	*by Cledwyn Hughes*	24

Non-Fiction

BARON ON THE WARPATH	*by John Ennis*	14
LEBANON LIVES ON ITS WITS	*by Harry Hopkins*	17
STEADY BARKER! (Part 3)	*by Eric Barker*	22
FULL SPEED TO DISASTER	*by Keith Ellis*	26

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6 THIS WEEK'S
COVER: 6. IT'S THE CUSTOM: 41

One look and

Admirals stow away lots of

LYONS MINT CHOCS

Watch those chocs ! Or they won't stay long in the box. You take one.

Then you try another . . . and another . . . and another. It's just about impossible to stay away from that wonderful mint flavour with the delicious chocolate coating.

So better hide the box, quickly, before the family gets hold of it.

1/- *a quarter.*

A new line on mints -
LYONS GREENLINE MINTS

A melt-in-the-mouth sugar coating around a rich mint chew. **8d** *a quarter.*

NO-ONE CAN MINT CHOCS LIKE LYONS

Waterman's

Flair

for those who deserve
a special gift

Waterman's Flair
PRESS HERE TO WRITE
PRESS HERE TO RETRACT
ASTRALITE CAP
RETRACTOR SAFETY CLIP
UNSCREW FOR REFILL
BARREL COLOURS: JET BLACK, RUBY RED, LAPIS BLUE OR JADE GREEN
PRECISION MADE IRIDALOY BALL-POINT

Each week thousands more choose Waterman's Flair. Why ? Because they approve its slim, fluent lines, its delicate balance, its whole 'feel' . . . because it writes at even depth of colour . . . because smooth-flowing Flair ink will not clog or blob, will not smear or smudge. Because, in short, Waterman's Flair is undoubtedly the finest writing instrument of its kind. Perhaps you have a Flair of your own — if so, you will know that, in its presentation box, Flair is the perfect gift for those who deserve something special.

REFILLS . . . STANDARD OR FINEBALL

Refills are obtainable with either the standard (medium) writing point or with a fineball. Standard refills are available with blue, red or green ink. Fineball refills in blue only.

Flair **de Luxe**

Even more princely in appearance, Flair de Luxe with rolled-gold cap. A gift that is really gift-like, rich and beautiful, that will last for years writing wonderfully. **29/6**

17/6

IN HANDSOME GIFT BOX

Waterman's *Flair* Regd. retractable

THE PRINCE OF BALL-POINTERS

Flair is made by Waterman's who have been making fine pens, pencils and inks for seventy years.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
NOV. 12 1955 VOL. 98 NO. 2576 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Fat profits in the housing spree

ESTATE agents cannot help making money in existing conditions, but it seems to me they are grossly overpaid for the amount of work they do.

Their rake-off from the sale and resale of property has trebled or quadrupled along with the price of the merchandise, and most of them run a profitable sideline cashing-in on the scarcity of flats.

Recently, when I sold my house for £2,000, the agent sent a person to view—but did not bring him personally, mark you. I reached agreement with the customer, and the deal was done through our solicitors.

Now the agent claims £50, apparently for the expense of typing details of the house and writing a few letters.

I am assured that such a bill is "only to be expected." But then, I am not accustomed to dealing with profiteers.—W. B., Deal, Kent.

Fabulous Chickens

TALKING of giddy hens ("Free Speech," October 22) reminds me of the restaurant Au Coq Hardy, at Pontchartrain, near Paris, which is famous not only for its food, but also

Sam Letrone with wine-sipper

for the astonishing chicken troupe trained by the proprietor, Sam Letrone.

These chickens lay eggs in a frying pan at Sam's command, skip through hoops, and pull tiny carts with pigeons as passengers. The cocks even smoke cigarettes and sip wine.

The best-known cock, Jules, died from cirrhosis caused by his fondness for alcohol.—CHARLOTTE HOFLER, London, N.W.4.

Dark Outlook

BRINGING electricity "a few yards down the lane" (Editorial, October 15) would mean tapping a grid supply maybe miles away, and literally spending thousands of pounds to install electricity at one farm or in a small community.

Countrymen suffer some inconveniences, but so do men in the heat and dirt of a steelworks, or the awful din of a modern heavy engineering works. Countrymen are smog-free, don't have the rush and bustle of town life, and have the best of home-grown produce.

Of course electric power must go to the rural areas; but not at the expense of everything else.—T. S., Birmingham, 28.

. . . In Derbyshire and East Anglia, not only electrification is lacking. Hundreds of cottages have damp, roughly plastered walls, no hot water—often no running water at all—cess pool drainage and earth closets. At their conferences, the political parties talked of everything—except the "dark country."—C. MOUNTJOY, Sheffield, 7.

Feather Footed

THE measured tread of a policeman is a phrase beloved by fiction writers — and a warning to any burglar. I followed a constable along a dark city street recently, and he did not hear me until the last minute because I wore crêpe-soled shoes. It is time resounding police boots were abolished in favour of crêpe or similar material; we need soft-shoed coppers.—R. CLARKE, London, N.22.

Most policemen on a beat have a boot allowance, and must buy black boots. But choice of sole is left to them, and rubber is popular.

Get Tough

THE toughening up of our outdated driving test is needed to help to raise the standard of driving in order to keep pace with the power and speed of the modern car.

The current test is carried out at an average speed of about 25 m.p.h., with special attention to gear changing, and proper hand signals which are little used in practice. This, plus the ability to read a car number plate at twenty-five yards, qualifies a driver to step into a car capable of 100 m.p.h., and do his worst.

Considering that the most modest car today can cover twenty-five yards in less than a second, a stiffer test and a proper physical examination are essential.—P. N. M., Lenzie, Scotland.

. . . Quick decisions and reactions are vital on the roads today, so why not ban the ancients—drivers over seventy—from the highways? Also, super-confident drivers who first received a licence before the law required a test, should be made to take one.—L. W. Cox, Shevington, Wigan, Lancashire.

Last year road deaths in Britain totalled 5,010 compared with 7,343 in 1934, the worst year recorded. Casualties last year were 238,281, but this year's figures may reach the 260,000 mark.

Helping Out

I AM a retired referee, but it was not until I saw a Football League game from an unaccustomed seat in the stand that I realized fully how difficult a referee's job is.

The Football Association should again consider the appointment of goal judges for major games. They could be ex-referees, whose League careers otherwise finish at the early age of forty-seven, and they would

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

THE LEMON PICKER

An enchanting story by
EDITH JOYCE SMITH

Does this tempt you?

Africain
Honey, almonds and cherries flavour a fine nougat.

or is your favourite here?

Amarin A smooth chocolate truffle with roasted hazelnut pieces.

Almond and Cherry Cream Smooth cherry cream and blanched almonds; a rare combination.

Mallorca Almond nougatine and smooth delicious chocolate truffle.

Pineapple and Rum Cream Crushed pineapple; Jamaica rum; and smooth cream.

Creamed Walnut Smooth cream cunningly flavoured with crushed walnuts.

Ask for

Tobler Symphony

With fifteen different, delicious centres. Dessert chocolates, all. Each a subtle triumph of the confectioner's art. These are the most delicious chocolates you can buy.

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS TOBLERONE

will you marry me?

THE magic of the moment when every dream comes true is captured forever in the lasting beauty and exquisite setting of a James Walker diamond ring. Each is a perfection of carefully selected and matched gems, hand-set by master craftsmen.

Send p.c. today for the magnificent RING BOOK in colour, featuring 280 attractive and moderately priced rings and a guide to Gems and Gem-setting—FREE!

The Diamonds are set in Platinum mounted in 18ct. Gold Rings

Diamond three-stone £17.17.0

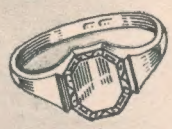
Three-stone Diamond cross-over £15.15.0

Diamond half-hoop £19.19.0

Two Diamonds in crossover £10.10.0

Diamond three-stone £25.10.0

Diamond single stone £25.10.0


Lady's Gold Signet Ring £1.10.0

Faceted Gold Wedding Ring £2.15.0

Diamond and Emerald crossover £12.12.0

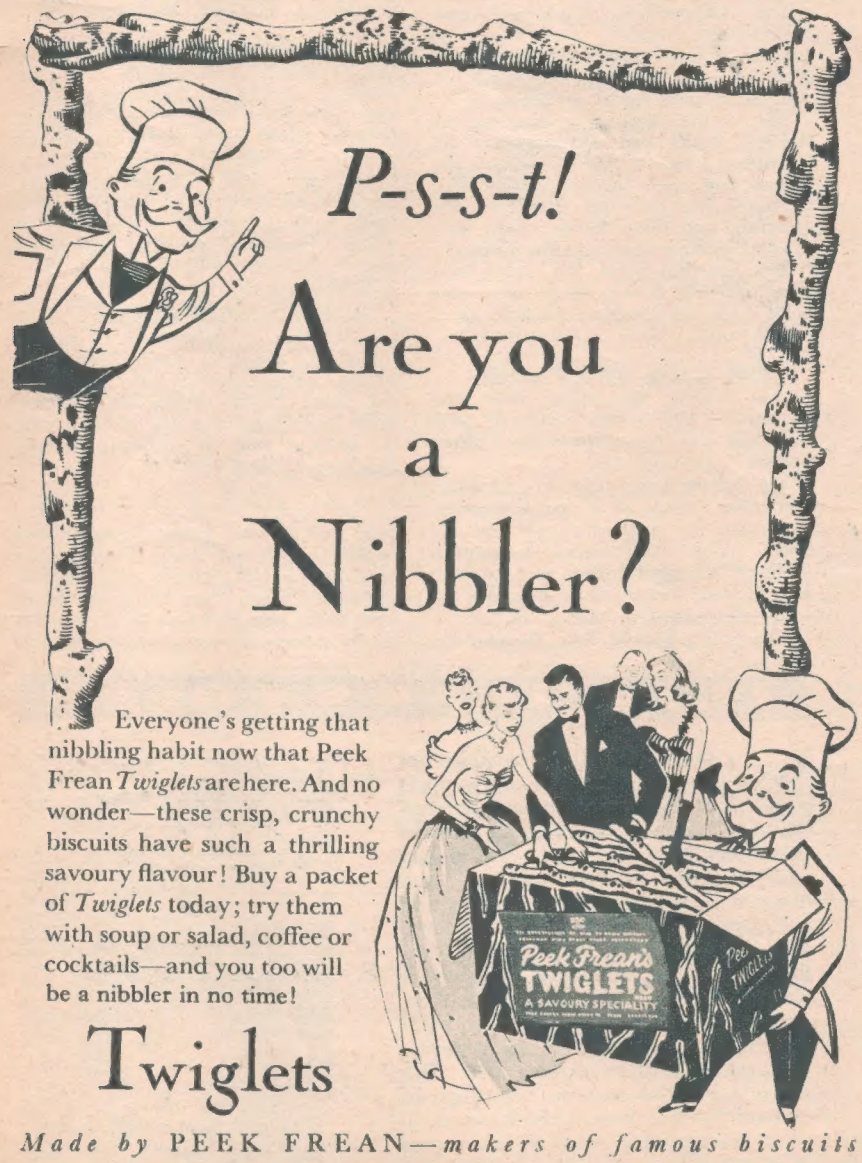
Fancy setting, three Diamonds £10.10.0

77 Branches in London and the Home Counties are at your service for value

Estd. 1823.

James Walker

Dept. 35, CENTURY HOUSE, STREATHAM, LONDON, S.W.16



Everyone's getting that nibbling habit now that Peek Frean *Twiglets* are here. And no wonder—these crisp, crunchy biscuits have such a thrilling savoury flavour! Buy a packet of *Twiglets* today; try them with soup or salad, coffee or cocktails—and you too will be a nibbler in no time!

Twiglets

Made by PEEK FREAN—*makers of famous biscuits*

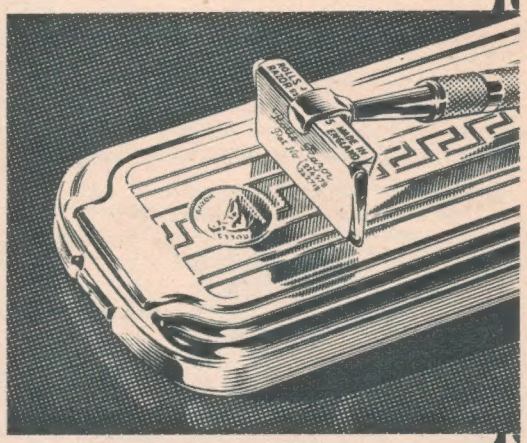
Money and minutes both saved . . . with

The finest shaving instrument in the world

ROLLS RAZOR

The One-Blade Safety

Here, without any reservation, is the finest shaving instrument in the world. Honed and stropped *in its case*, its one hollow-ground Sheffield steel blade will give years of speedy luxurious shaving and save pounds on blade buying.



From local dealers everywhere.
Price **53/3d.** *complete, or in leather Pouch Set with extra blade* **79/6d.**
(Prices include Tax and apply in U.K. only)

ROLLS RAZOR LTD.

Masters in the Art of Shaving

ROLLS RAZOR LTD. Head Office, Works & Service, Cricklewood, N.W.2.
Showroom: 193 Regent Street, London, W.1. (Callers only).

A CATCH IN IT?

But there need be no catch in running a home; it need not mean the end of attractive hands. Every bride can keep her soft lovely wedding-day hands if she uses Puritan for all her household washing and cleaning. Let gentle, green Puritan take care of your hands while you take care of your home.

TWO TABLETS 11D.

KEEPS ACTIVE HANDS ATTRACTIVE HANDS

CROSFIELDS (C W G) LIMITED, WARRINGTON

PU 163-454

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

have the job of watching the goal-line. They would not be allowed to interfere in a match until consulted by the referee, but then, in many instances, their decision would be invaluable.—A. P., Durham.

Switch Trick

IT is ridiculous for R. J. Barton to suggest that parents should chop up their TV sets to save their children from an overdose of screen gazing ("Free Speech," October 15). I have yet to see any TV set built without a switch; why not use it?—V. PAGET, Birmingham, 22A.

Cockle Harvest

THERE'S more than one angle to the cockle business, as I found on a visit to the Essex coast.

Men like Alf Osborne of Southend, who have been in the cockle trade for years, say this is one of their best

Bill Springle moves a shell pile

seasons thanks to a wet spring, a warm summer and a lack of mishaps.

The Lancashire, Yorkshire and Lincolnshire coasts are bare of cockles, so the Southend men have sent tons of cooked cockles north, as well as to their usual markets.

The cockle story does not end at shellfish stalls and restaurants. At Southend I saw a pile of cockleshells fifteen feet high; cockle worker Bill Springle was moving them to the crushing machines to be made into chicken grit, or castings for houses.

Yet, in other years, the cockle men have known cockle beds to freeze solid and blow ashore to ruin in a single night.—G. G., Chelmsford.

Courting The Public

IT is wrong to think that the brewers' "tied house" system puts the little man out of business ("Free Speech," October 15).

The brewer lets an inn to a licensed victualler, often at a nominal rent, in return for a promise to buy his beers. The enterprising man with little or no capital thus can become the virtual owner of a business he could not afford to buy.

The public benefit, too, because the brewer's capital resources can be used to improve the premises, and the beer can be supplied at a lower price on a guaranteed market.

Brewing is the last industry still manufacturing on a local basis. Of 623 larger establishments, only eight employ more than a thousand people each, and 442 have fewer than a hundred employees — G. V. PEARSE, Secretary, National Trade Defence Association, London, W.1.

. . . Rising day-to-day costs, and the risks of borrowing capital, are making the one-man business uneconomic. Managerial jobs in chain stores offer young people security and better prospects.—W. R. DAVIES, Penarth, Glamorgan.

. . . The big firms may defeat their own ends. I am in the wholesale shoe trade, and know a customer who crosses London for the sake of personal attention, including a cup of tea. Perhaps when the multiples feel the strain of rising overheads, one-man businesses will come back into their own.—MRS. PORCZAK, Barnes, London, S.W.13

. . . Why these crocodile tears? If big stores provide cheaper goods, of course lower-paid workers will welcome them. When I beat a big retailer, it was not by sitting behind a cosy counter and waiting for trade to roll up.—F. JONES, Llanrwst, Denbighshire.

Autumn Glory

AUTUMN tints transform our countryside into an artist's paradise, yet few people travel specially to see the golden glory. In America, the changing leaves of New Hampshire, famed for their beauty, attract visitors from all over the U.S.A. They are viewed against a background of evergreens and birch, with the snow-capped mountains beyond.

"Foliage observers" report on the different stages of colouring, then prepare bulletins marked with miniature maple leaves, to show which districts are at their best. — MISS L. SCHOFIELD, Halifax, Yorkshire.

Thickly Sugared

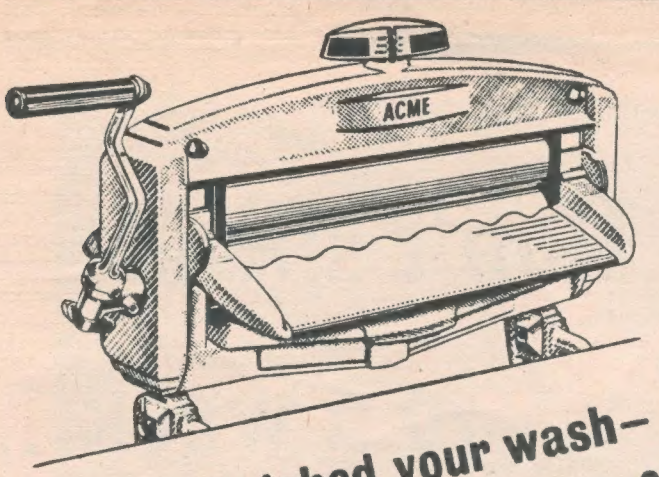
MY Christmas card problem is to find pleasing exteriors matched with suitable greetings. In Denmark the most popular cards have pictures without printing, except perhaps for "Happy Christmas." No lush verses or sugary doggerel for the Danes. Instead, with their typical natural courtesy, they write a personal greeting suited to each recipient.—MRS. M. W., Huddersfield, Yorkshire.

About 500 million Christmas cards are bought in Britain each year—"and the public is demanding more rhymes than ever before," says a big firm. "The rhyme has become more important than the picture, and we have a staff of full-time writers thinking up new verses."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WITH SUCH an infinite capacity for enjoying themselves, puppies could turn a mausoleum into a playground. As it is, offices, always splendidly equipped with challenging paraphernalia to be climbed and dragged and fought, just don't stand a chance. This, in fact, is going to be the day that every dog has. Critchlow's trio of unsteady whirlwinds won't waste much time on introductions. And then, for ever after there will be ravaged evidence that puppies and office routine don't mix. But there seems to be no shortage of owners for the new arrivals—even if that background boss is convinced that today is going to be a dog's life.



You've finished your wash— but is it only half done?

However well you wash your clothes, the final results still depend on the wringing. And only Acme wringing makes it certain that washday after washday your clothes will be as clean, crisp and sparkling as ever you could desire. Five million women already know this. Whether they use a washing machine, sink or tub, they all say . . .

However you wash—
you should have
ACME wringing

ACME WRINGERS LIMITED DAVID STREET GLASGOW SE

Buying a rug?

Be sure you buy the best - it's cheapest!

Get the best article at near enough the price you want to pay, and you will get real value for money and your buy will prove cheapest in the end. In the rug field, Cindrella should be your choice. Its deep, curly pile is warm, comforting and long lasting and the colours are rich and practical.

Ideal for LOUNGE, BEDROOM, LIVING ROOM and NURSERY

cindrella

curly pile rugs

attractive · hardwearing · inexpensive

Obtainable from the best floorcovering shops and store departments everywhere.

3 SHAPES · 7 SIZES · 14 COLOURS.

J. L. TANKARD & CO. LTD. Swaine Green, Bradford 4.

Me and my Main

One week with a Main Century and you'll wonder how you coped without it. Its virtues—a tiny appetite for gas, a big appetite for work. Its special features—large, lift-off platerack; safety-sprung gas taps, each with a fixed stop for simmering; oven lighting from the front. With rounded corners everywhere, and hotplate and oven fittings that are all removable, it's no trouble to clean. And it's waiting for you in all its cream enamel beauty at your local gas showrooms!

THE MAIN No. 20

CENTURY

GAS COOKER

See the Century at your local gas showrooms

Note the name-made by MAIN

There's a Century model for bottle-gas. And there's a big Main gas-cookery book—750 recipes, over 300 pages, 5/- post free from Dept. J.B., R & A Main Ltd, 48 Grosvenor Gardens, London SW1 Φ1

RHEUMATIC PAINS

Years of RELIEF—thanks to De Witt's Pills!

In 1940, Mr. P. Board of Bristol wrote: *"Suffered badly from Muscular Rheumatism . . . De Witt's Pills gave me relief . . . 2 small bottles and I am free from all pain"*

Read his latest opinion: *"A few years ago I wrote to you telling you what wonderful benefit I got from De Witt's Pills. My wife also thinks the Pills put her right if she has a touch of backache."*

For the same "wonderful benefit" Mr. Board got, start taking De Witt's Pills TODAY! Within a few hours of taking your first dose, **you will have unmistakable evidence** that De Witt's Pills have acted directly on your kidneys. They promptly stimulate kidney action, so assisting to flush from your system those impurities that can be causing your rheumaticky aches and twinges, backache or sciatica.

Remember: Because De Witt's Pills help to restore healthy kidney action, they can make a wonderful day-to-day difference to your general health. So get a supply from your chemist NOW—2/-, 4/- and 6/6.

De Witt's PILLS

Made specially to relieve RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO and SCIATICA

DON'T MISS THIS PRACTICAL

PRESENTATION

8-page detachable

Winter Health Supplement

ILLUSTRATED adds to its fascinating big-value array of picture stories on Wednesday next by presenting, inside every copy, something new, extremely useful and practical in the way of Supplements.

Complete in itself, easily detachable to keep for reference, this unique Supplement tells you, and all the family, how to keep fit and get the best out of yourself throughout the winter months. It tells you how to keep yourself warm with the right sort of clothes and foods; how to keep yourself physically fit; how mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, the old folks, and babies and toddlers can defy winter ills; and, if there is a winter illness in the family, how to treat simple ailments, and what to do until the doctor comes in serious cases.

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!

It's a greatly enlarged

64-PAGE ISSUE

also containing: CHAMPION JOCKEY—Doug Smith's story; Fresh hope for SPASTIC CHILDREN; Princess Margaret's hairdresser—RENE—introduces IN FULL-COLOUR three new hair styles for business girls; PRIVILEGE-PRICE OFFER of lovely Pinafore Dress; Frankest story of the Frankest woman—LADY DOCKER; Another CAROL photo-strip adventure; Beauty queen goes on safari with ARMAND and MICHAELA DENIS, and other picture-stories.

ILLUSTRATED

Out Wednesday, 16th Nov.—4d.

Don't spend in a week... all you earn in a week...

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

are the most popular form of small savings in the world, for many millions of people hold them. If held for ten years they give a return of over 3% free of income tax which is equivalent to 5¼% if you pay income tax at the standard rate. They are easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.

4% DEFENCE BONDS

Two and a half million people have found Defence Bonds the ideal investment for the small investor. The capital is free from all fluctuation. 4% Defence Bonds earn an income-tax-free bonus of 1% after five years and 3% after ten years.

POST OFFICE SAVINGS BANK · TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS

These great organisations offer a wonderful service to the small saver everywhere. There is scarcely a town, village or hamlet which has not a Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank willing and ready to help you to save.

SAVINGS STAMPS

Use 6d. and 2/6d. stamps to buy Savings Certificates or to make deposits in the Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks.

JOIN A SAVINGS GROUP TODAY

Put the balance in

National Savings

and help to save prosperity

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.7

A carefree new novel by a master of the lighthearted

FRENCH LEAVE

by P. G. WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

EDGAR TRENT wrote only one real success, a farce called *Brother Masons*, and that was a long time ago. Still, *Brother Masons* brought in a good deal of money, and Edgar was able, on his death, to leave some of it to his daughters, Kate, Josephine and Teresa.

They bought a farm in Bensonburg, New York State—Kate's idea—and started to keep hens, with bees as a side-line. Kate was several years older than the other two and always rather inclined to treat them as problem children.

On the afternoon of what was to be a momentous day, Terry came into the kitchen and found Jo there packing eggs in boxes, eyeing them morosely as she did so. Jo and Terry were both strikingly pretty girls. They took after their mother, while Kate was more like her father, whose forte had always been intellect rather than beauty.

"Eggs!" said Jo disgustedly. "There ought to be a law."

Terry nodded sympathetically. "I know what

This was luxury. A beach hotel, a balcony, an exciting French holiday resort. There was only one thing wrong—Terry was lonely

you mean. Here we are, young, ardent, idealistic, yearning for life and love and laughter, and what do we get? Eggs!"

Jo said: "I hate all hens. The mere mention of the word gives me a sinking feeling these days. Henry Weems wants me to call him Hen. He said he was always called that in the office. I told him it was the last straw."

"Was he asking you to marry him again?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you? You like him."

"Yes, I like him. I'm very fond of Henry. But what about my great scheme? Suppose that television sale goes through?"

It was to the sale of *Brother Masons* that she referred. Someone had remembered that ancient Broadway hit, and was negotiating with the legal firm of Kelly, Dubinsky, Wix, Weems and Bassinger, for whom Henry Weems worked.

Jo was hopeful, but Terry had been pessimistic from the start.

"It won't go through," she said. "You be a sensible girl and marry Henry. He . . . Hallo—a car has stopped outside. Who can that be? Why, blow me if it isn't Henry!"

"Henry!" Jo leaped up. "Do you think this means something?"

Henry Weems alighted from his car. He was a grave, solid young man. At the sight of Jo a dull flush spread itself over his face and his eyes glowed. The sight of Jo always affected him powerfully.

"Oh—er—good afternoon," he said. "I am on my way to Easthampton, and I thought I would look in and tell you that it's all right about that television contract. The sale went through this morning."

"Oh, bliss!" said Terry. "You've really swung it, have you, Henry? We're terrifically grateful."

Henry smiled complacently. "You each get approximately two thousand dollars," he said. "And, of course, the eldest Miss Trent a similar sum."

Jo looked at Terry. "Just about enough," she said, "adding your bit to my bit."

"The ideal amount," said Terry. "If it had been more, we might have been tempted to hoard it. No sense in hoarding four thousand dollars."

Henry's eyebrows shot up. He said: "I should call four thousand dollars a very nice nest egg."

"Nest egg!" said Jo, wincing.

"Don't use expressions like that," said Terry. "We're sensitive."

Henry apologized. "What I meant was that, invested in government bonds, it would bring in——"

"A mere pittance," said Terry. "And pittances are no good to Jo and me. We are going to use the money to do something marvellous and exciting."

HENRY sighed. "Do please," he urged, "be reasonable. Don't put all your eggs into one . . . oh, I beg your pardon. These proverbial expressions! Odd that so many of them should be associated with the poultry-farming industry——"

He broke off and leaped a few inches skywards. A voice had spoken behind him. "Good afternoon, Mr. Weems," it said, and, turning, he perceived the formidable figure of his loved one's sister, Kate, who always scared the daylights out of him.

"What a day I've had!" said Kate, hoarse with self-pity.

"Bad?" said Terry sympathetically.

"Nothing but grumbling and complaints. Mr. Clutterbuck was going on again about our charging too much for the honey."

Jo said: "Well, here's something to cheer you up, old lady. Henry has put the *Brother Masons* deal through. You and Jo and I each get two thousand dollars. How's that for a tonic?"

Kate beamed. "Excellent!" she said. "Two thousand dollars! Really!" She felt the occasion called for hospitality and turned to Henry. "Will you have a glass of milk, Mr. Weems?"

"No, thank you."

"Of course you will. A glass of milk for Mr. Weems, Josephine."

Henry left as soon as he could, pleading urgent business. With a significant look at Terry, Jo, too, left the room. Terry glanced nervously at Kate.

"Kate, I'm afraid we've got a shock for you. Jo and I are going to use our money having a holiday."

"A holiday?"

"In France. Jo wants to go to St. Rocque on the Brittany coast. I prefer Roville in Picardy. I've always dreamed of going to Roville," she said. "And now that we've got these pennies from heaven——"

KATE had an illusion that the kitchen floor was heaving beneath her. "Do you mean," she gasped, "that you propose to *squander* this money?"

"Every cent of it. I want one lovely big splash which I'll remember all my life. Jo's idea is a bit more elaborate. She's hoping to marry a millionaire."

"What!"

"Lots of them in those parts."

"Do you mean that she is deliberately going to try to marry for money?"

"I wouldn't put it like that. She's just going where money is. She's going to France to give the millionaires a chance at her, and I'm going with her to keep her company."

"I forbid you to do this insane thing!"

"I'm sorry—it's all settled."

Kate sank into a chair. "What are you going to do for clothes?" she asked.

"We shall buy them in Paris."

Kate sniffed. "If you're going to buy a lot of expensive clothes and stay at expensive hotels, your money won't last long."

"No, we realized that. Here's how we have planned it out. We shall take it in turns to be the rich Miss Trent. We draw cards, and the winner has first go. She has a month of wealth and excitement, the loser acting as her maid. At the end of the month the loser takes over and has *her* month—somewhere else, naturally—with the former winner acting as her maid . . . and so on as long as the money holds out. Rotating crops," said Terry.

Kate's face was drawn and set. "Are you really resolved to do this?"

"Yes, absolutely and definitely."

"Then I shall come with you."

"Why, Kate, that's wonderful. We'll pay your expenses, of course. You'll love St. Rocque and revel in Roville."

"I expect to loathe both of them. But I am not going to have you two children wandering all over Europe alone," said Kate, and strode out.

Jo peeped in at the back door. "How did it go?"

"Better than I expected. She's coming with us."

"Oh gosh!"

"My good child, it's the best thing that could have happened—she'll be a chaperon. The girl who excites interest is the girl with a chaperon, a personal maid and a faint air of mystery.

"Now we can proceed. Where are the cards? Which of us is to be the rich Miss Trent and which Fellowes, the lowly maid? I like the name Fellowes, don't you? You draw first."

Jo drew. "Five."

Terry said: "I shall now proceed to draw a king or a queen or a . . . *Three!* Oh, death and damnation!"

"Fellowes," said Jo, "you strangely forget yourself, my good girl. . . ."

As the clocks of Paris were striking eleven on a morning three weeks after the sisters had set out for Europe, a tall, elegant figure, dressed in the extreme of fashion, turned a corner into the rue Vanaye.

"Would you have me sell myself for gold?"

It was Nicolas Jules St. Xavier Auguste, Marquis de Maufringneuse et Valerie-Moberanne, affectionately known to his friends as Old Nick.

He was on his way to the *Ministère de Dons et Legs* (which is pronounced "lay" and means legacies), where he occupied the position of *employé attaché à l'expédition du troisième bureau* (which means clerk). He walked hurriedly, for a summer storm was raging over the city and he had no umbrella. There was a cloud on his handsome face. The thought of having to work always depressed him.

Until a few years previously, when his rich American second wife had divorced him, work and Nicolas had been strangers. But that was all over now. Old Nick's only assets in the world today, apart from a meagre monthly

Jeff asked his father. "Certainly," replied Monsieur le Marquis. "And the more gold the better"

salary, were his distinguished looks, his unconquerable spirit and the superb assortment of suits, shoes, ties, shirts, socks and underwear, mostly unpaid for, to which he clung firmly through his worst vicissitudes.

It was some twenty minutes after he had entered the gloomy cubbyhole which he shared with his colleagues, Monsieur Soupe and Monsieur Letondu, that he received a summons to appear before Monsieur de l'Hourmerie, the department's director. Old Nick went down the corridor with the air of a good man persecuted. But his dark moods never lasted long, and by the time he arrived at the director's sanctum his geniality had returned and he was smiling.

"Good morning, monsieur."

"Good morning, Monsieur le Marquis."

"Still raining," said Old Nick affably, glancing at the window. "And, of course, I came without my umbrella. Did I ever tell you, by the way, about my idea for an umbrella club?"

"Never mind about your umbrella club."

Old Nick abandoned a subject which had obviously failed to grip, and became brisk and businesslike. "You wished to see me?" he said.

"I wished," replied Monsieur de l'Hourmerie acidly, "but I never hoped to. It is, I think, two weeks since you last visited the Ministry."

Old Nick blessed his soul. "As long as that? How the days slip by!"

"They do indeed," said Monsieur de l'Hourmerie grimly.

There was a pause, during which—uninvited—Old Nick took a chair.

"This being so," said Monsieur de l'Hourmerie, resuming, "you will perhaps not consider me unduly impetuous when I request an explanation. The civil service of France has its traditions. Two weeks, Monsieur le Marquis! Two weeks during which you have not set foot in this administration. Would it be incommoding you if I asked you to give me your reasons for this abstention? And don't," he went on quickly, "tell me that you have been attending the funeral of a series of your aunts."

"I have no aunts."

"Nephews?"

"No nephews. I have a son called Jefferson, of all absurd names," said Old Nick chattily. "My wife—my first wife—dead these many years, poor soul—insisted on calling him that. She was American. So, oddly enough, was my second wife, from whom I was parted in the divorce court. My son, Jefferson, is a writer. He writes stories and things."

He spoke disapprovingly. The son and heir of a Marquis de Maufringneuse, he considered, ought not to be frittering away his youth scribbling. He should be out and about looking for a rich wife in the fine old Maufringneuse family tradition.

MONSIEUR DE L'HOURMERIE was not interested in Jefferson. He said: "We must seek, then, elsewhere for your reasons for depriving us of your society. Here is the position. The third bureau consists of yourself, Monsieur Soupe and Monsieur Letondu. Monsieur Soupe is in his forty-second year of service, and one cannot reasonably expect from him more than a senile good will. Monsieur Letondu, though in the prime of his life, has for some weeks shown every sign of being off his head."

"Mad as a hatter," agreed Old Nick.

"We have, then, to carry on the work of the third bureau, two officials of subnormal intelligence and yourself, and you are never there. Now I ask you to be frank with me, Monsieur le Marquis. Why do you abstain from your duties in this manner?"

Old Nick reflected. "I attribute it largely to the weather."

"I beg your pardon."

"It has been extraordinarily fine till today. I get up in the morning. I take my hat and stick. I say to myself, 'And now for the bureau.' I go out into the street, and all of a sudden—how it happens I couldn't tell you—I find myself in a chair on the boulevard, a cigarette between my lips, coffee and a cognac in front of me. It's a most mysterious state of affairs."

"Might I ask what has brought you here this morning?"

"It was raining," said Old Nick simply.

"I see." Monsieur de l'Hourmerie's voice was grim. He pushed himself slowly up from his chair. For perhaps a minute he spoke fluently and well.

Old Nick stared at him incredulously. "But this—correct me if I am wrong—this sounds as if you were dismissing me," he said.

"I am," said Monsieur de l'Hourmerie.

For a moment Old Nick sat quite still. Then he rose. He was a resilient man, and any slight dismay he may have felt had passed.

"Ah, well," he said, "it's the best time of the year for taking a little holiday. I think I'll go to Biarritz."

"You may go to the devil."

"No, not Biarritz. St. Rocque. It's Festival Week there. One meets all the best people at St. Rocque during Festival Week."

Having returned to the office and bidden farewell to Monsieur Soupe and Monsieur Letondu, Old Nick placed hat on head at a jaunty angle and left the building, twirling his walking-stick.

The rain had stopped, and sunshine was flooding the streets. He set out for the rue Jacob, where Jefferson, Comte d'Escrignon, maintained a modest bed-sitting-room.

It was only in the last year or two that Old Nick had seen much of his son and heir, for Jefferson had been in America until the outbreak of the war. He now lived in Paris and

spent his time writing, as Old Nick had said, stories and things, with very limited success. Good looks, easy manners, the Maufringneuse charm . . . the boy had them all, and apparently no intention of ever cashing in on them.

Arriving at this disappointing young man's lodgings, Old Nick found him in his shirt sleeves, hammering away at a typewriter almost as ancient as the lineage of the Maufringneuses.

"Hallo, Nick," the young man said. "Take a seat, and don't let me hear a word out of you for at least ten minutes. I'm working."

Old Nick watched his son, Jefferson, the Comte d'Escrignon, hammering at the keys. He said, when the boy paused: "Well, Jeff, you seem busy. How are you doing these days?"

"Oh, I get along. I make enough to live on and hope the dawn will come. I've sent my novel over to America to a publisher called Clutterbuck."

"Clutterbuck?" Old Nick considered the name. "Ah, well, why not Clutterbuck?" he said, for he was a broadminded man. "Some Americans are called Quackenbush. Your stepmother married one of them after she divorced me. You met this Clutterbuck when you were in America?"

"No, we aren't acquainted. I sent my novel to him a couple of months ago, and there's been dead silence ever since. I suppose Clutterbuck is learning to read. But how do you happen to be in these parts at this time of day, Nick? Aren't you working at the Ministry?"

"No longer. I am thinking of taking a little holiday at St. Rocque. My friend Prince Blamont-Chevry is there. And that brings me to the reason of my visit, Jeff."

A quick smile, charming like his father's, lit up Jeff's face. He was a striking-looking young man, tall and dark and wiry with a humorous mouth and quick brown eyes.

"How much?" he asked.

"Could you manage ten thousand francs?" said Old Nick.

Jeff groaned. "Here you are."

"Thank you, Jeff. This will be a great help. By the way, do you know any men with money? I was thinking of my Umbrella Club."

"What's that?"

"Haven't I ever mentioned it to you? It was an idea that came to me one morning as I was having my cigarette and cognac. It is based, as all great schemes are, on human nature. It is human nature to want to keep dry when it rains, but it is also human nature not to want to carry about a great clumsy umbrella all the time.

"My club solves this problem. You enrol yourself as a member. You pay an entrance fee and dues. This entitles you to wear a badge. You are caught in the rain. You step into the nearest tobacconist's or kiosk, show your badge. and receive an umbrella, for which you are charged some nominal sum. When the rain stops, you step into another tobacconist's and deposit the umbrella. Simple, but I see a vast fortune in it. A million members——"

"How are you going to get your million members?"

"Ah! That is the difficulty, of course. One would need capital to start such an enterprise. If only you would marry, Jeff!"

Jeff sighed. He had been wondering when this subject would come up.

"It is my dearest wish to see you married. Provided, of course, that the settlements are right."

"Would you have me sell myself for gold?"

"Certainly, and the more gold the better."

"But what about romance, Nick?"

Old Nick dismissed romance with a wave of the hand.

"In this hard, postwar world, my boy, there is no room for moonlit sentiment. The head must rule the heart. Think well on this." And on this note Old Nick took his departure.

IN Festival Week there are big doings at the Breton resort of St. Rocque. Normally staid and peaceful, the town comes then to sudden life, with everybody—residents and visitors alike—pulling together with a wholehearted gusto which makes the place a perfect hell.

Or so thought Kate as she sat with Terry in Jo's suite at the Hotel Magnifique. "Oh, for goodness sake shut that window!" she said, as a brass band, giving the impression of being in the room, burst abruptly into a popular march.

"I do wish you were enjoying all this more," Terry said. "It makes me feel so guilty about dragging you out here."

"Too late to think of that now."

Terry sighed. "Perhaps you will like Roville better," she suggested hopefully.

"It will probably be worse than this."

"It's bound to be quieter, anyway. Listen to that noise. I'd love to go and see what's going on."

"Well, you are not to. Goodness knows what might happen to you. The whole place seems to have gone crazy. I don't like the idea of Josephine being out on a night like this."

"Oh, Jo's all right. She's with Chester Todd."

"So she told me. Who is this man Todd?"

"He's a friend of the Mr. Carpenter who owns that enormous yacht in the harbour."

"What sort of man is he?"

"Young, amiable, rich. Not a lot of brain, but Jo likes him. I hope she pulls it off."

As she spoke, Jo came in, looking so spectacular that Terry uttered a squeal of admiration. "Joseph-*ine*! That dress—it's out of this world. I can hardly wait till I'm wearing it."

"That'll be next week, worse luck. Do you like it, Kate?"

"I am going to bed," said Kate coldly. "Though I don't suppose I shall get a wink of sleep with all this hideous din."

"Kate's in a dangerous mood," said Terry, as the door closed. "She doesn't approve of your going out with Chester Todd tonight."

"I've got to go out with Chester Todd

Terry could see only his face above the sand dunes. "Hoy!" he said in alarm. "You aren't coming any closer, are you?"

tonight, and any other night he asks me. My month's up next Tuesday."

"I'll lend you two weeks of my month, if you like."

"Will you?" Jo's face lit up. "Oh, Terry, you are an angel. Another two weeks might just about do it."

"How are things coming along?"

"I'm making progress."

"How about the Parker girl?"

Jo considered the point. "Jane Parker. I don't believe she's a menace. They're more like brother and sister. Nothing romantic."

"Will she be there tonight?"

"No, we're dining alone—and I ought to be going. You're sure the dress looks all right?"

"It'll knock his eye out."

"Well, good night, Fellowes, my girl. See you in the morning."

Terry was restless after Jo had left, and after a while she wandered out into the corridor to talk to her friend, Armand, the floor waiter.

Armand seemed surprised to find her still on the premises. "But there is dancing—all night there is dancing—in the public amusement gardens," he said.

An eagerness came into Terry's eyes. "But I've nobody to dance with," she said.

Armand made light of this. Terry, he said, had only to present herself in the public amusement gardens and a hundred partners would leap to minister to her pleasure. During Festival Week, it appeared, St. Rocque dispensed with formal introductions.

Terry chewed her lip thoughtfully. "It's an idea. After all, one's only young once."

That, Armand agreed, was it in a nutshell.

Terry went back into the suite and listened at Kate's door. Heavy breathing came from behind it.

Then she went into Jo's room. There was a dress in the closet there which she had been wanting to wear for weeks.

At about the same moment, lying on his bed in the dingy *pension* down by the harbour which was all his modest means had been able to afford, Old Nick sat up quickly and gazed expectantly at the door. Footsteps had paused outside it, the footsteps, he hoped, of his son, Jefferson, whom he was eagerly awaiting.

Jeff was looking dusty and travel-stained. It is a long journey from Paris to St. Rocque, and the day had been warm. He sank wearily into a rickety chair and closed his eyes.

Old Nick clicked his tongue. "Don't go to sleep, Jeff."

"I'm awake . . . just. So you're in trouble again, Nick?"

"Grave trouble, my boy. You will have gathered that from my telegram. Could you possibly let me have fifteen thousand francs?"

"Oh, my God! Was that why you wired me to come here?"

"It was. Though I am always glad to see you, my boy, always."

"Well, here you are. But it's my heart's blood."

"I can well imagine it," said Old Nick courteously. "These are trying times for all of us. Had I failed to obtain the money by noon tomorrow, I should have gone to prison."

Jeff stared. "Prison? Good heavens, Nick, what on earth have you been doing now?"

"I was the innocent victim of circumstances. The whole disaster was brought about by the dastardly duplicity of Prince Blamont-Chevry."

"What did His Highness do?"

Old Nick's voice quivered with indignation. "He invited me to dinner. We went to the best hotel in town and he entertained me lavishly, pressing food and wine upon me regardless of the cost. Then at the conclusion of the meal he excused himself to go to make a telephone call. That was the last I saw of him."

"He left you to pay the bill? And when you tried to sneak out, they caught you?"

Old Nick raised his eyebrows. "My dear boy, do you seriously suppose I could be as crude as that? No, I gave the situation a few moments of intense thought, and then—the waiter moved away—I put a napkin on my arm and stepped across to a neighbouring table where a fellow who looked like an Argentine or a Greek or something of that sort was entertaining a lady whom he was plainly trying to impress.

"I presented plate and bill to him. With a careless glance he threw down a pile of notes. I thanked him, put notes, plate and bill on my table, and sauntered out. This morning the police were round here, making an absurd fuss about it. They gave me till tomorrow to find the money. . . ."

Old Nick got up off the bed. "Your presence, Jeff, is a great weight off my mind. I feel gay, debonair. Let us go out and revel."

"I'm going to bed."

"Ah, I see. Yes, of course, you must be worn out. You have taken a room in this pesthouse, I suppose?"

"They call it a room."

"Probably worse than this one. The curse

Continued on page 28

Baron on the warpath

by JOHN ENNIS

For twenty years, Jack Adams has bullied people into helping Cumberland. Few of them object; his way is usually the best

THE VISITOR CONDUCTED his business with the stocky, shirt-sleeved man in an easy, almost off-hand way. But as he got up to leave, he was surprised to hear a clerk address the man at the desk as "my lord." For the first time the visitor realized that he had been talking not to an assistant of the West Cumberland Industrial Development Company but to the boss himself, a Peer of the Realm.

Beset by problems of etiquette, he mumbled a confused farewell and began bowing himself backwards through a door that opened on to the head of the staircase.

His lordship thrust forward a heavy jaw. "Turn round and look where you're going, man," he said in the undisguised accents of a one-time Cumbrian iron-ore miner. "I've no time to waste picking you up from the bottom of the stairs."

John Jackson Adams, first Baron Adams of Ennerdale, O.B.E., M.A., J.P., has spared little time in the last twenty years from his task of picking up his native West Cumberland from the bottom of the economic depression that it fell into in the 1930s. Sometimes called "the uncrowned king of West Cumberland," he has persuaded and bullied manufacturers and government departments to provide the factories and facilities that have brought work to a once-despairing population. As a result, there are now sixty new industries in his district providing work for 80,000 people, and labour has to be imported.

In the process, Adams has become something of a dictator, with power to cause others discomfort if he doesn't get his own way; though few complain, because his way is usually the best for West Cumberland.

DESCRIBED by a friend as a "Pooh Bah," he is a director and general manager of the West Cumberland Industrial Development Company, secretary of the Cumberland Development Council, a member of the North Regional Gas Board, an alderman of Cumberland County Council and chairman of the governors of Whitehaven Grammar School. Until recently, he was a member of the B.B.C. North West Advisory Panel and of the local division of the National Coal Board, and from 1944 until 1948, he was Deputy Regional Controller of the Board of Trade.

A colleague says: "His talk goes on like Tennyson's 'Brook.' To get industrialists to come to West Cumberland he has told more white lies than will ever be forgiven. But when factory owners run into trouble, he is the one who gets them out of it." Indeed, Adams once happily complained to a manufacturer who sought his help: "If you lose only an oilcan, you come running to me to find it."

The fact is that Adams, in one or other of his capacities, usually has the answers to awkward questions and the power to act. Government officials in London remember when there were shortages of building materials in the 1940s. Adams always ferreted out supplies to keep his buildings going up. "He got them in ways that no other government official would dare to try," says one Board of Trade man.

When the United States cut sulphur exports in 1950, a large Whitehaven chemicals firm wondered if it could make its own sulphuric acid. It was Adams of the Development Council who was able to check with his geological survey and tell the firm: "The raw material is lying directly below your factory." The firm drilled boreholes and found deposits of enough anhydrite (a form of calcium sulphate) to last two hundred years. Today, the firm is mining the raw materials and converting them into sulphuric acid.

IT was Adams, the development company manager, who struck a bargain with a brewer. The brewer was selling a factory site to the company. Beside the site stood one of his public houses. "If you were a far-seeing man," said Adams, "you would give us this site for nothing because there will soon be two or three hundred people working by the door of your pub." Impressed, the brewer accepted Adams's low offer of £50 for the land.

And when farmers, in the days of rationing, could not wheedle extra sugar for jam-making from the Ministry of Food, it was Adams, the general fixer, who wired the Ministry: "The fruit's gone rotten and we don't want your sugar." The sugar came.

Adams identifies himself absolutely with West Cumberland and resents anyone who tries to interfere with his schemes for its progress. When, for political and public services, he was created a peer in 1949, he had a plan to raise the level of Lake Ennerdale and increase the industrial water supply. At a public inquiry, organizations concerned with preserving rural amenities opposed him and his scheme. The inquiry dragged on for so long that when the water level was eventually raised, the work and materials cost £100,000 more than they would have done originally.

Adams fumed. "These lovers of the Lake District seemed to want my county sterilized as a playground," he says. "In my title I chose the designation 'of Ennerdale' to show them who really belongs to the Lake District."

Being made a peer has neither lessened Adams's pugnacity nor altered his earthy character. He confesses that he laughed at his reflection in a mirror when he first wore morning dress for one of the events which, as a peer, he now has to attend. Once he calmed flustered friends when he arrived at a function the only man in a lounge suit. "Nobody told me to dress up," said Adams, "and anyway, now everybody will be able to distinguish the peer from the common people."

At a silk factory in Whitehaven, Lord Adams

He had a brush with the College of Heralds over his arms. "I don't want an anchor," he replied to tentative suggestions. "I don't lie at a mooring. And I can roar loud enough without a rampant lion on my crest." Finally, from a design by the art class of Whitehaven Grammar School, his arms showed cogwheels and an open book, supported by a miner and a farmworker. On his crest is a well, another reminder that he got the water he wanted.

Adams, born in 1890, was four years old when his father was brought home dead from an accident in an iron-ore mine. He was twelve when he left the village school at Arlecdon to work on a farm. Asked recently if his was a public school, he replied: "Very."

At fifteen, he began work in the mine where his father died. He had little choice. West Cumberland had always relied on mining coal and iron ore and making steel to provide work for its men. Wealth was torn from the earth and from coal mines that stretched for miles beneath the sea. Slagheaps rose in miniature mimicry of the hills of the Lake District.

Adams emigrated to New Zealand, stayed two years, and returned to get himself black-listed as an agitator by possible employers. He was a trade union official when world depression hit West Cumberland in the early 1930s.

The crash closed twenty-nine out of thirty-five coal mines, twenty-five iron-ore mines out

talks to some of the girls who, through his work, now have jobs near their homes. "If I'd been working for myself," he says, "I should be a millionaire"

of thirty. Only two out of thirteen blast furnaces were left working. By 1935, only 15,000 people in West Cumberland were working, while 18,000 were unemployed. Unscrupulous people seeking domestic help specified "Cumberland girl preferred" in their advertisements, knowing that they could be hired cheaply. Twenty thousand people left for other districts.

JACK ADAMS was by now the tough, hard-bargaining, plain-spoken secretary of the Cumberland Winding Enginemen's Union. He fought hard, and laughed while he fought. A mine manager who was cutting his staff of three enginemen to two told Adams: "I'm being generous; I'm taking off only one man." Adams flashed back: "I'm being more than generous; I'm taking off the other two."

Maryport, on the Cumberland coast, was the worst-hit town in Britain. Eighty-seven per cent of its men were out of work. For years men spent their idle days sitting on chains that hung from low posts near the Maryport sea-front. There was a grim joke—"If you find a drowned man, turn him over. If his seat is chain-marked, he comes from Maryport."

In 1935, West Cumberland made its first small effort to hit back and formed the Cumberland Development Council. Its limited aim was to publicise the district as a desirable spot to open new factories.

The council looked round for a secretary; somebody who would take on a job that many were already saying was impossible, a waste of time and money.

They chose Adams. He threw up one of the very few safe, pensionable jobs in the district to run the development council, and, in the words of many of his friends, "flog a dead horse."

As one of the "special areas," West Cumberland was frequently investigated by experts who offered varying solutions. One wanted the people to keep goats on the hillsides and tan the hides for sale; another thought they should keep poultry and sell the eggs—"presumably to one another," says Adams.

Adams and his council had another idea—to bring the work to the people. They compiled a publicity brochure and called it, boldly, "Wonderful West Cumberland." Adams had surveys made of the district's water, mineral, agricultural, land drainage, manpower and educational resources.

Brochures went out to industrialists. Adams sold them the Lake District to live in, the sea to play in and unlimited labour and factories at low rents subsidized by the government. Inquiries came in. In 1937, one of the Commissioners for special areas formed the West Cumberland Industrial Development Company to build factories and let them to manufacturers. Adams was made its general manager.

Today, West Cumberland is among the wealthiest districts in Britain. Local authorities have built ten thousand houses since the war. Adams has handled the spending of £6 million on new industries. He provides an austere factory, and once told a manufacturer who expected more: "If you want oak panelling in the boardroom, you can put it in yourself." Cannily, however, the development company presents a shield each year to the best-kept factory, and Adams is quick to congratulate firms on improvements.

Recently he surprised a factory manager by noticing a new flower planted by the works entrance since his last visit. "If I'd been working for myself and sold out now, I should be a millionaire," he said a few weeks ago. "The value of the property we have built has increased by about one and a half million pounds in twelve years."

A GRATEFUL community, on his elevation, subscribed for a testimonial. Adams shook his head when somebody suggested a bust to go in the county council chamber. "They don't like me when I am alive; it would be too much to make them put up with me when I am dead." The money was spent on a playing field.

There are people in West Cumberland who show less than undiluted gratitude for Lord Adams's work. A few weeks ago he was flooded with complaints that smoke from factory chimneys was causing a nuisance. One farmer said the smoke was making his cows cough.

"Coughing will make them give more milk," Lord Adams told him. "You'd better pay me something for it." THE END

Advertisement

Behind the greasepaint

Daddy, daddy, show us the old man learning to skate!
No, no, the woman sucking an orange!
For goodness' sake shut up! I've got something better to do than be funny all the time!
Sorry, kids. Didn't mean to snap like that. But I feel so tired
You've been tired for weeks, Tom. Perhaps you're sickening for something. I should see a doctor. It's not like you
And it's not funny, making 'em laugh when you feel like death yourself
Well, let's have a look at you
As I thought, nothing physically wrong. I suspect you're not getting the right kind of sleep. And if you're going to stay at the top of the bill you must get really **relaxed** sleep that rests your whole body and mind. I suggest Horlicks...
AND SO, EVERY NIGHT AFTER THE LAST SHOW
HORLICKS
LATER—THE SAME TOWN
Daddy, daddy, remember Bobby I used to play with? He's very ill—
Bobby's over the worst, but he wants cheering up... not a smile left in him
Perhaps I can help, Doctor
AND SO THAT NIGHT—AND EVERY NIGHT THAT WEEK
Ha, ha, ha. Do it **again**, Uncle Tom!
You've done the trick with Bobby, Mr. Anderson. You were just what he needed
You did the trick first, doctor—putting me on to Horlicks! (THINKS) No tiredness now!
"Don't know how I kept going before I saw that doctor"

"Every time I tumbled in the ring, I wanted to go on lying in the sawdust and just *sleep*. Yet the doctor said my sleep wasn't doing me any good. Turned out he was right. A few weeks of Horlicks and I began to feel the difference — the Horlicks must have got me over my 'night starvation.' Fun and antics come easy to me nowadays. Now that I don't wake tired any more, I really *feel* like clowning!"

HORLICKS

Cosmopolitan Beirut, Lebanon's capital, is the heart of the Arab world's boom. The country is defying all the rules of economics—and flourishing

CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD: Harry Hopkins in the playground of the Middle East—the land where the customer is utterly right

Lebanon lives on its wits

LEBANON IS VERY SMALL; yet it contains many worlds. It is like a Chinese box; there is always another box inside and another inside that. Lebanon is unique; yet it forms a lens through which the complex problems of the Middle East may be brought into focus.

In Beirut, its capital, East meets West hourly as both come swooping out of the skies on air-liners of the latest type. They rub shoulders again in the chromium-plated lounges of Beirut's luxury hotels; crowd table to table at the city's endless cabarets and "Nite Clubs." They meet at news-stands which display the publications of half the world; on Sundays they jam the race-course. And, Eastern or Western, the women of Beirut dress with taste and flair in European fashions and—the thing is quite a shock to any-one coming to Lebanon from the neighbouring lands of the veil—one can even see their eyes.

I came down in the morning in my hotel to be handed a long menu which offered: "American Breakfast; Continental Breakfast; English Breakfast." After a day or two, one grows to expect nothing less—for Beirut is the grand junction of the Middle East today, and the Lebanese are cosmopolitans. Conversations which start out in French, slip easily into Arabic, move back to French again, and break up, finally, in Arabic.

The Lebanese mastery of the art of being all things to all men has never paid better dividends. If Damascus is the centre of political turmoil of the Arab world today, Beirut is the heart of its boom. In Beirut land values have trebled within the last few years. The new luxury hotels crowd each other along the water-front. Air-conditioning and private bathrooms are now merely standard. The port, too, is doing well: there is talk of building a third basin. The Lebanese pound, ninety per cent covered by gold and hard currencies, is among the world's strongest currencies.

"If you look at this place as a shop," a merchant exulted, "you can say that within the last thirty years its stocks and goods have multiplied a hundred times over."

Yet, the odd thing is that by all the rules Lebanon should have been bankrupt and finished years ago. She habitually imports four or five times as much as she exports. On paper she is appallingly in the red — and plunging deeper every year.

A little time ago, the Lebanese Cabinet began to get a little nervous about this unorthodoxy. So they called in a well-known Belgian economist. He travelled to Lebanon, devoted some months

Druse women in Beirut. Political representation in Lebanon has a sectarian basis. And there is always a Druse in the cabinet

Modern American cars dominate this Beirut street scene. Most of them are taxis. "We have the most beautiful taxis in the world," Hopkins was told

to research, and then gave his now famous verdict. "I don't know how it works," he said. "But it does. It's wonderful. *Don't touch it!*"

The Lebanese, in fact, live on their wits—and these are considerable. Their merchants are past masters in the complicated manipulations through half a dozen currencies which enable them to quote the keenest prices and yet still enjoy the widest margins. The Beirut "shop" is so wonderfully well-stocked and its service so smooth that it proves both quicker and cheaper for a customer in, say, the Persian Gulf to place his orders in Beirut than to deal direct with the makers in Europe.

Poor or rich, Lebanese are rarely lacking in enterprise. Emigrating from Beirut, they have economically colonized half the globe. There are half a million of them in South America, large numbers trading in Nigeria and the Gold Coast. They own publishing houses in Egypt and textile establishments in Manchester. They constitute, for the mother country, both an unrivalled intelligence network and a perpetual economic asset. For a Lebanese never forgets his homeland. Many a poor village on Mount Lebanon is kept going by the regular cheques from its wealthy sons overseas.

At every other corner in Beirut, at the sides of cafés and in snack-bars, the money-changers sit over their glass cases, carelessly piled with Portuguese escudoes and Indo-Chinese piastres and golden Napoleons and Brazilian cruzeiros and American dollars. For in Beirut there is no dreary business about "the official rate." One goes from counter to counter, seeking one's decimal advantage. Figures are jotted down, the handles of the little calculating machines briskly twirled, and the deal is done. I noticed one evening that the *changeur* who occupied one corner of a barber shop was still doing business at 10 o'clock.

In the jittery years after the war, Beirut citizens piled up impressive fortunes channelling gold about the world. From Saudi Arabia in particular came an insatiable demand for English golden sovereigns to keep safe the new oil wealth. But they had to be sovereigns with a king's head. Owing to Koranic prejudice, a sovereign with a woman's head—even Queen Victoria herself—commanded a lower valuation. Such details, however, are the breath of life to your Lebanese man of business—which is one reason why Beirut still holds third place in the world's international gold markets.

As suppliers-in-chief to the Middle East, none have benefited more than the Lebanese from the new flow of oil wealth. A few years ago, a merchant gleefully told me, toothpaste had been a luxury product in the area. Now it was a necessity. Now, he said jubilantly, even Saudi Arabia was importing vast quantities of paper handkerchiefs.

"Money," he said, "is pouring into Lebanon from all angles. You see, people feel it's secure here. They can put it to work easily. Lots of Kuwaitis and Saudi Arabians have been buying up property in Beirut."

President Chamoun of Lebanon. His state—half Christian, half Moslem—casts itself as interpreter between the Arabs and the West

From Germany, Japan, Britain, the United States, salesmen flock to the Middle East to secure for their firms their share of the new spending. But the Lebanese do not mind this competition. For, coming and going, the salesmen travel through Beirut, staying at its hotels, eating in its restaurants, spending their money in its cabarets, using the services of its banks. Lebanon just cannot lose.

With a cool climate, a beautiful coastline, every sort of entertainment for the tired business man in Beirut, and mountain resorts in magnificent scenery only a few minutes away, Lebanon has indeed become the holiday centre for all the Middle East. Oil sheikhs and oil engineers both seek respite there from the oven heat of the Gulf. Nowhere is the service more suave. Never was the customer so utterly right.

Of course, some of the invisible exports that balance Lebanon's trade accounts are very invisible indeed; it would be discreet not to inquire into them too closely. Cynics have described the hashish trade as Lebanon's biggest single industry. A foreign economist, after careful research, put the country's revenue from this source at £10 million a year. Certainly, it is very substantial. The Lebanese are not, of course, so foolish as to smoke the hashish (marihuana) themselves; the bulk of it is smuggled into Egypt to satisfy the cravings of unfortunate Egyptians.

This is, of course, entirely illegal and a source of embarrassment to the international narcotics control and, more occasionally, to the Lebanese Government, which from time to time declares

Continued on page 36

Ambush at Scissors Creek

by ***MERLE CONSTINER***

ILLUSTRATED BY SEABRIGHT

I was seventeen, and scared. I was supposed to be the boss, but I had no control over the men. And any time now we'd be fighting for our lives

ONE AUGUST NOON IN 1832, when I was seventeen, my father reeled from the barn lot into the house, pulled a clean nightgown half over his work clothes, and collapsed on his great fourposter. Without our knowing it he'd been fighting typhoid for ten days, grimly and silently.

That night my mother and I sat in the kitchen and talked it over. Our disaster was many-sided. In special pens behind the barn were one hundred fat bullocks and as many hogs to be walked from our central Ohio farm to Baltimore before the rainy season. The date for their departure had been set for two days hence.

"They'll move on schedule," my mother said. "You'll ride the horse."

In a drove of that size only one man rode a horse—the boss. The responsibilities of a boss were enormous.

I'd been once with a drove to New York, to Philadelphia twice, but never to Baltimore. "I don't know the road," I said. "Nor the stands."

My mother laid a twist of hickory bark on the supper embers to brighten the light, and gave me a long hard stare. Here was our emergency. Two classes of cattle made the long walk from the hinterlands to seaboard markets—stock cattle and prime fat bullocks. Our investment was in fat bullocks, four-year-olds at their peak. They couldn't wait.

The crew was to have been my father, an unemployed schoolmaster named Dilks, and I. Now we would need another man, and drovers were scarce.

"Go to the inn," my mother said. "Now. Hire anyone you can get."

This was a very bad way to handle it, as she well knew. For fifty days we would be walking our hundred cattle and hundred hogs down the great highway, through forests, farmlands, towns. Western migration was in full swing and at any time, even in the most isolated wilderness, we might suddenly encounter a jam of carts, stage coaches, freight wagons, and bewildered floaters.

It took a pretty good man to keep his creatures in order at such moments. Incessantly, too, there would be danger of murder and robbery, for a drove was as negotiable as coin. A boss must have a crew that would stand staunchly at his back.

This was no way to hire a drover, blindfold, at the last moment.

"Yes, Mother," I said, and took my hat from its peg.

The name of our village was Lygia, and my father remembered Shawnees. Before the inn, the Black Foal, stood a locust post with fingerboards saying Zanesville, Baltimore, New York and Boston. When I was a youngster I used to

Mary-Ann opened the door, and I had to press close to her to enter. She had laughing eyes and I always felt embarrassed when I saw her

wonder if a sign in Boston pointed to Lygia, Ohio. The whitewashed cottages were chalk and amethyst in the summer moonlight. The inn door stood open and I entered.

The parlour of the Black Foal, lighted by a single candle, flickered with frondlike shadows. It was part taproom, part country store. A red curtain led to the lodgings above, and near it was a home-made barber chair. Mr. Bixby the landlord, sprightly and gnomish, sat at a table with a stranger.

When I joined them, Mr. Bixby inquired about my father, showed relief to hear that the doctor was hopeful, and then said: "William, Mr. Allaire of Indiana. Mr. Allaire, this is little William Leeds."

The stranger studied me. "Six foot one," he said. "That's kind of tall for Little William Leeds."

I studied the stranger too, for I'd never seen a man quite like him. His clothes were greasy black broadcloth and his oily hair was long and ringleted. He was very thin—hands, long feet, face—and his eyes had a sultry fixity about them.

"Mr. Allaire is a journeyman clock mender," said Mr. Bixby carefully. "Without tools."

"Lost them in a card game in Louisville," said Allaire, and yawned.

"Can you drove?" I asked. "I'm moving hogs and bullocks to Baltimore Monday and could use another man."

"My price will be twenty-five dollars a month."

Fifteen was the set wage.

Nervously, Mr. Bixby said: "I'd like to speak to you in private, William." I pretended not to hear.

"Twenty-five it is," I said, and shook his cold hand.

I then questioned him sociably, as I had seen my father do, and got arrogant and insulting replies. This bothered me not at all, as I am hard to annoy in a business deal. After a moment I told him that Mr. Dilks was to complete our crew and, learning from Mr. Bixby that Dilks was in his attic, asked if we could go up and see him. Mr. Bixby called his daughter, Mary-Ann, a dark, shapely girl of my own age whose laughing eyes always embarrassed me, and she led the way.

MR. DILKS was an itinerant schoolmaster who had drifted into Lygia eight months before. He'd taught three weeks and had then been discharged because of his illiteracy. Illiteracy was a common disease among backwoods schoolmasters and there was no disgrace attached to it, but Mr. Dilks was too much even for Lygia.

He'd stayed around, lodging in Mr. Bixby's attic. Soon he was doing small work for farmers, and showing great skill. When he'd heard we were taking our bullocks to Baltimore he'd asked to join us. My father had been happy to hire him.

The stairhead came up into a tiny garret. Mary-Ann rapped on the door and opened it. I had to press close to her to enter, and she smiled at me. In the room there was a rag-and-saucer lamp, a horse-blanket pallet under the eave, and a bench against the wall. Mr. Dilks sat on the bench, a claspknife in his huge fist, carving a pair of wooden stirrups.

The sight of him startled me, for he was in his nightdress, an old gingham tablecloth slit in the centre and tied around the waist by a rope. He was middle-aged, hairy, with a round neckless head.

Allaire followed me in. I said, "Mr. Dilks, this is Mr. Allaire, who is making the drive with us. The stock is moving despite my father's illness. I'm riding the horse."

Dilks and Allaire stared at each other.

I waited until Mary-Ann had gone, closing the door behind her and then I said: "First, Mr. Dilks, I must tell you that your wage has been increased from fifteen to twenty-five. That is

The blacksmith drew closer and gave a strange message to the stage coach driver. There was obviously crooked business going on somewhere

Mr. Allaire's price and I'll have no distinction between you."

Mr. Dilks snapped shut his claspknife. For a long moment he was silent and finally he said simply: "Thank you."

"Now that was a foolish thing to do, William," said Allaire. "But you're the one that's spending the money."

To Dilks, I said: "I brought Mr. Allaire up so you could meet him."

"Well, I met him."

"I thought you might like to get acquainted with him."

"I fancy I'll get acquainted with him on the trip. If it ain't asking too much, just take him right down again."

Allaire and I descended the stairs. . . .

Monday, just at dawn, we moved the drove down the lane and put it on the highway. Our pace would be seven miles a day—no haphazard quota, for droving was a science and exceedingly formalized. Bullocks made seven miles, stock cattle nine, horses twenty-two. Hogs were frequently taken with bullocks because their pace was similar; also at feeding they ate what the bullocks left, and turned a profit from waste.

Dilks led the tame ox at the fore, a rope about its horns, and Allaire brought up the rear. Both were on foot, of course, and each carried a long Centerville whip with a silken cracker. I was on my bay, to ride where needed, to assist at crossings.

Five hundred dollars in gold bulged my money belt, for expenses. There was a pistol in my blouse and a smaller one hidden in my boot. My saddle pad held our bad-weather clothes. We would travel six days and rest the Sabbath. Our daily meals we would eat on the roadside under the trees. Nights we would lodge at a drovers' inn, or stand.

IN this manner we crawled eastward across Ohio. At times the dust was like smoke. Frequently down the centre of the road would be a trench, where countless droves had walked single file before us. Constantly the highway changed its picture. At times it would be chaotic with slewing, screeching vehicles. At times there would be nothing but the silent forest floor.

My drove moved in perfect order, and to the bystander we must have seemed a placid caravan.

The facts were quite otherwise.

By the end of the second week, as we thrust into the dense wilderness which shrouded the approach to the Ohio River, three notable events occurred. My money belt had been stolen. Schoolmaster Dilks had bitten a chunk from Mr. Allaire's ear. And I was on foot.

Mr. Allaire rode my horse and I was on foot in the rear, in his position, his Centerville whip in my hand.

My money belt was taken first night out, at an inn owned by my cousin.

The place was not a drovers' stand but a general transport inn, a large and very busy establishment. Also, it had some small fame for a strength-giving sulphur spring which lay behind it. My mother had insisted I spend the night, pay our family respects, and take a sulphur bath. How I hated those foul baths as a boy! After Dilks and Allaire had retired, I went out into the night; neither would consider a bath for at least fifty days and I saw no reason to confuse them.

The spring was on a hillside. A hollow log

Locked together, they churned, threshed and rolled in the dust as each man tried for his blade. Then suddenly I heard a screech of pain

piped water into a shed, the bathing shed. Within, the blackness was impenetrable. Before me, I knew, was a long-lined pit brimful of odorous water.

I stripped, laid my money belt upon my clothes, and submerged myself.

No door seemed to open, there was no sound, yet when I reached for my garments my money belt was gone.

Stunned, I lighted a match. Only the dank walls and the shredded tanbark on the earth. I could get more money back in Lygia, of course, but there would be suspicions and, even worse, smiles.

I shook my head and climbed the stairs.

A lamp burned in our room, turned low. Allaire lay twisted on his bunk in ugly slumber, naked to the waist, and there was a bone-handled dirk strapped beneath one armpit. The cords of his skinny arms and neck were lemon-yellow in the lamplight.

Across the room lay schoolmaster Dilks. Stately, dignified, straight as a poker. In underdrawers, not gingham tablecloth. His hands were clasped sedately on his stomach. Blowing out the lamp, I got into bed.

There was a lump under my coverlet and it was my money belt, apparently intact.

Now, in the dark, I recalled Mr. Dilks arranged so neatly and serenely on his bunk. There had been a shred of tanbark on the bottom of his sock and a faint smile on his face, a smile that now said: "Let this be a lesson to you, son. Watch your valuables. If I can filch them, why not someone else?"

I said: "Good night, Mr. Dilks."

He answered me with a wheezy snore.

It was during that week that Allaire emerged as a problem. He proved to be an uncannily good drover, but he soon began to display the one trait inexcusable in a crewman on the road. He began to assume the attitude of a boss. He did this so deftly that he'd almost gained ascendancy over me before I realized it.

At first he offered modest suggestions, then he was assisting me beyond his duty, and soon he was laying down orders and instructions.

A stranger would have thought that I was his juvenile partner and that Dilks was an oaf simply trailing along for the trip.

Dilks, in his turn, ignored Allaire with a blandness that was like a slap in the face. Only with great effort did I control myself, for it was a maxim of the road that trouble is to be avoided at all costs. These were bad days for me.

We found ourselves on a long stretch of rocky road. Five of the bullocks began to show lameness, and, as was the custom, we halted at a smithy to get them shod with temporary shoes.

This hamlet, known as Jacktown, was a squalid little settlement of log huts and warped, weathered shacks. It was at a crossroads, and yellow clay, powdered to dust, seemed to hang like vapour in the oven heat. A few stubbled loafers stood before the public house, and children and mangy dogs lined up to watch us enter. On such bad roads as this, special smithies had set themselves up.

HERE the smithy occupied a prominent corner. It was a fairly large but crude building of split oak and behind it were its primitive stock pens fenced with woven brush and tough saplings.

To shoe a bullock requires certain machinery and entails lifting the beast from its feet. It is a mildly interesting spectacle and the whole town gathered about the smithy door to watch the operation.

Allaire took charge. Crisply, he issued orders to the blacksmith, orders to me. He shooed out

Continued on page 32

Barker in Melbourne. He accepted an invitation from a handsome man in evening dress—to find that his host was one of the scene shifters

For a whim, their employer took Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes to Buckingham Palace. He was dressed as the Devil and she was a Queen Bee

STEADY BARKER! (3) by Eric Barker

I run from romance

She was a dancer named Pearl, and the day I found myself thinking about her as a woman, I decided to leave for Australia. Three months later I was back—to marry her

WHEN I ARRIVED at the brand new Broadcasting House building I was taken up to the huge studio on the eighth floor, where there were enough people to start an evangelist meeting. Like me, they were all would-be broadcasters about to have their first audition. It was 1933; I was twenty-one and had given up a good job in my father's City firm to become a writer and actor. After several small parts and a three-weeks' run at the Windmill Theatre as a comedian, my agent, the formidable Madame Arcana, had got me an audition with the B.B.C.

I was shovelled into a group with two women who sang, a man who changed into a funny hat, two men who sang, a cross-talk act and a lady and a man who sang together. As I went through the revue routine that I had been working for some time, my eyes wandered to a kind of glass aquarium let into one wall, some six feet up. Behind the glass was a sea of sober faces, none of them showing a glimmer of expression.

ONE of these faces belonged to the very able Director of Variety, Eric Maschwitz, the man who later on, almost alone, was to keep the flag of English musical comedy flying in the West End with his brilliant librettos. He came out of the aquarium to talk to me, and said that he could use me quite a lot in this medium, provided that I equipped myself with suitable radio material.

"This is the medium of the future," declared Madame Arcana in Portland Place afterwards, "you'd better get busy."

For two weeks I got busy. I wrote, I tore up, in a ceaseless cycle. I just could not see what Eric Maschwitz meant. At the end of a fortnight I was pretty desperate, having achieved nothing on paper at all.

Then Arcana arrived to tell me that I was making my first broadcast the day after tomorrow in a teatime programme for beginners called *First Time Here*. Sadly I told her that it was impossible, as my efforts to write suitable material had ended in failure.

"Do what you did at the audition," she commanded curtly. You could see that she had no time for procrastinators.

"But Mr. Maschwitz said it wasn't suitable."

"Do as I tell you!" was all she said, and vanished.

I remember parking my little Austin Seven near Broadcasting House with trepidation. I looked like walking straight into a row with the mighty B.B.C. for disobedience.

I did the show word for word as I had done it at the audition. My only hope was that Eric Maschwitz would not be listening. Near the finish of my act, I glanced towards the glass aquarium, and there stood a smiling Maschwitz. At the end, as I was trying to sneak away, he came up and offered me his congratulations on a promising start. "That sort of material is ideal for radio," he said.

Arcana was delighted.

Meanwhile I was rehearsing for a small part in the new show at the Prince of Wales Theatre. It was the first Folies-Bergère ever seen in Britain; the producer was a Frenchman and had very little discipline. Even a slender knowledge of the English language would have helped him, but as it was, rehearsals were chaotic.

Only the orchestral director showed any real determination. He told his orchestra frankly where they got off, but never actually succeeded in getting all of them into the orchestra pit at any one time. This made his conducting an all-the-way round the compass affair, as instrumentalists would sit where they fancied in the stalls. A middle-aged woodwind player, who ought to have known better, was once found right up at the back with a lady of the ensemble on his knee, playing by ear with an arm at each side of her.

Nor when the show itself was actually running was there a marked tightening up, although the orchestra now stayed in the pit whenever it decided to play. Everyone pleased himself. I myself went on as a showgirl one afternoon wearing a bra and trunks covered with sequins, in a slave-market scene; I was sold at a clearance rate together with the other slaves, without anyone backstage asking why I was there.

The show ran for thirteen weeks and I became a rich man. The press was kind to me and I began to get cabaret bookings. I played at the Café Anglais, Casani's Club, a number of others not surprisingly now defunct, and Quaglino's—where I had half a crown rolled across the floor at me.

ALL of it was a far cry from suburbia, and though I had always longed to escape from that, this wasn't at all what I had meant by London's West End. I went to night clubs to perform, yes, now in a set of tails, which the indefatigable Arcana had arranged for me to get from a Savile Row tailor at a greatly reduced price. But it was not how I had imagined it all.

I had visualized being on nodding acquaintance with intellectual London as well. Noël Coward should have waved me a friendly hand across restaurants, and although Arcana introduced me to Ivor Novello, who was an old personal friend of hers, he was the only glimpse of the less seamy side of the business that I caught. Fascinated society women did not vie with each

Barker (fifth from left) in a Windmill Theatre scene. Kenneth More (in glasses, right) was a stage manager "who thought he'd like to try acting"

other to lend me villas on the Mediterranean as they had for Coward. I was invited to no house parties with Somerset Maugham. I only worked like the devil, and said good morning to the stage-door keeper before starting the toil of the day.

I began to crave the conversation of my old repertory pals, and the editors and the literary agents. At one point I thought that there was a chance of escaping from what I was doing. I had been writing some songs with my friend from schooldays, Rupert Ingrams; Arcana fixed a meeting for us with the great André Charlot, who was re-entering the West End revue field with a new show for Beatrice Lillie at the Savoy Theatre.

We went to Charlot's flat in Regent's Park, and were shown by a butler into a room with a huge circular pouffe in the middle of it, upon which we sat uneasily back to back. Five minutes later a secretary appeared and said: "Mr. Charlot will not be long."

Five minutes after that a maid came in and said: "Mr. Charlot will be with you in a moment." Then Reggie Smith, his manager, appeared, opened the door and, like a toastmaster past his prime, announced, "Mr. Charlot!" A huge Great Dane ambled in followed eventually by the great man. It was a most impressive entrance.

The upshot of it all was that Rupert Ingrams got a job with him but I didn't. Charlot told Arcana afterwards that he had seen me at the Windmill and the Prince of Wales, and that the best thing I could do was to get out of the business altogether.

Rupert ran me down to the theatre in his sports coupé, and we had a coffee together. I was in the position of having money but not the work I wanted, while Rupert had the sort of work I wanted but, as he confessed to me, no money. It was a fortnight before the Charlot rehearsals were due to start, and could I lend him £10? I wrote out a cheque immediately but noticed that this made him uncomfortable.

"I suppose you haven't by any chance some loose cash you could spare?" he ventured apologetically.

As it happened, I hadn't, and I was sorry because all he had in the world, it appeared, apart from a sports coupé, a Jack Buchanan coat and an Anthony Eden hat, was a sixpenny piece.

"I think I've *just* enough petrol to get back to the garage," he mused.

I took the coffee bill without resistance. He

Eric Maschwitz gave Barker his first audition at the B.B.C. "He watched me soberly," says Barker, "from inside an 'aquarium' on the wall"

left on his own. I watched. A commissionaire was standing outside. As Rupert went towards his car, the commissionaire held the door open for him. Without hesitation Rupert put his hand in his pocket and brought out a sixpenny piece, which he dropped with dignity into the man's palm.

He got into the car, and caught my eye, and we laughed until the tears flowed.

In spite of minor successes in revue, my heart was still in the straight-acting world. I couldn't bring myself to tell Arcana that all I wanted to be was a dramatist, that the sort of company I was keeping was not my idea of life.

Unknown to her I had written round the reps. again, and had a letter in my pocket addressed to the Oxford Repertory Company accepting an offer to work there. I did not post it until I saw what happened to my broadcasting effort. It appeared to be tolerably successful, and I thought as I had thought years before of my father's business: once I get stuck in this rut, I shall be in it for good.

THEN one evening I finished the last two houses at the Prince of Wales, and strolled into the Windmill in time to see the finale. There was a tap-cum-kicking routine in progress when I arrived, being performed by the first troupe of chorus girls. It might have been the same routine as when I was last in the show, except for a couple of new faces. One, I thought, was a particularly striking one. It was an unusually intelligent face with small features and two very commanding grey eyes. The expression on it was amiable, but seemed to reflect good humouredly my own attitude—"All this is rather embarrassing, but if it's got to be done, let's get on with it!"

If I get caught up for ever in this sort of thing, I reflected, there's no knowing to what

Continued on page 42

VICTORIA

by ***CLEDWYN HUGHES***

ILLUSTRATED BY MAYS

Every man has to have something to love, and especially an old man like O. K. Jones. But now he was losing the one thing he lived for

NO ONE KNEW whether it was mere forgetfulness, on the part of some official, which allowed O. K. Jones to carry on with the one horse and dustcart about the parishes. Several areas of the rural district council's province had smart motor lorries to collect the refuse once a week from the villages of the Welsh Marchland. But in three of the parishes where Wales joined the Shropshire Plain, O. K. Jones and his official horse and cart did all the collecting.

Each day the old slow mare, named Victoria, pulled the high green cart with its closed top along the primrose lanes, and about the hedge-lined roads. Each night the cart was placed in the shed in the village rented by the R.D.C., and Victoria was made snug in the stable.

O. K. Jones had his initials truly given him by his mother; Owain Kynaston, she had called him. Now, fifty-nine, he was known to everyone as O.K. Jones.

He looked more like a saint than a dustman. The years in the open air had given a brown tan to his cheeks; the hot suns of the summers had bleached his hair. But it was his voice which was perhaps the most distinctive part of O.K. Jones. It had music about it; as if the old man was a retired actor, or some great bass-singer.

O.K. Jones lived quietly and he worked honestly. All his treats he shared with the old mare; a few toffees now and again, a laze in the sun on a Sunday afternoon, a touch of rum around about Christmas.

But the world was always changing and civilization progressing, breaking some hearts so that men might have their food a little brighter in colour, or their sleep a little longer. The valley near the Border of Wales was not exempt from change; neither was an old man's heart sacred because he looked like a saint.

It was a warm evening in June, and O.K. Jones was polishing some of the brass work of the harness. He was sitting on an old box in the little yard which was in front of the stable. Victoria herself was now out, this warm evening, on a field to which the council subscribed grazing rights. Any other workman would have been drinking a cool pint of ale, or talking with his friends, or sitting with his family. But O.K. Jones was contented as he was, polishing and cleaning the harness to make bright and supple all its parts.

In one corner of the yard was a high horse-chestnut tree, and its green leaves gave a contentment of shadow from the last heat of the sun. Out on the village playing-field there were children at cricket; sometimes came the hard crack of bat on ball, and the excited and clamorous shouting of boys. Somewhere, up by the rectory, a man was cutting a lawn with a motor mower. The air was full of the heat of the day, although the first touch of the dew was making darker the blue slate roofs of the houses.

As he worked with polish and rags, O.K. Jones hummed small songs to himself. He was so intent on his work that he did not notice the coming of the man. The first he knew of the arrival was a sharp voice—

"Good evening, O.K. Jones."

The old dustman looked up, puzzled for a moment, not being able to see the face of the visitor against the colour of the western sky. But then he saw that it was an important man, the very clerk of the rural district council himself: Mr. Pugh. At once O.K. Jones put down the harness, and the rags, and the tin of polish, and stood up.

Mr. Pugh was a great man in the world of O.K. Jones, but he was a kind one. He was known to be fair and honest and straightforward, and now the old dustman knew that there must be some important reason for this visit.

Mr. Pugh spoke again. "Lovely evening, O.K. Jones. I see you're still doing the council's business, even at this hour?"

Mr. Pugh smiled, and O.K. smiled back at him. He said: "I like cleaning the old mare's things, Mr. Pugh. I think it pleases her to look bright and sparkling as we go about the roads. Besides, it's a credit to the council for us to look a trim outfit."

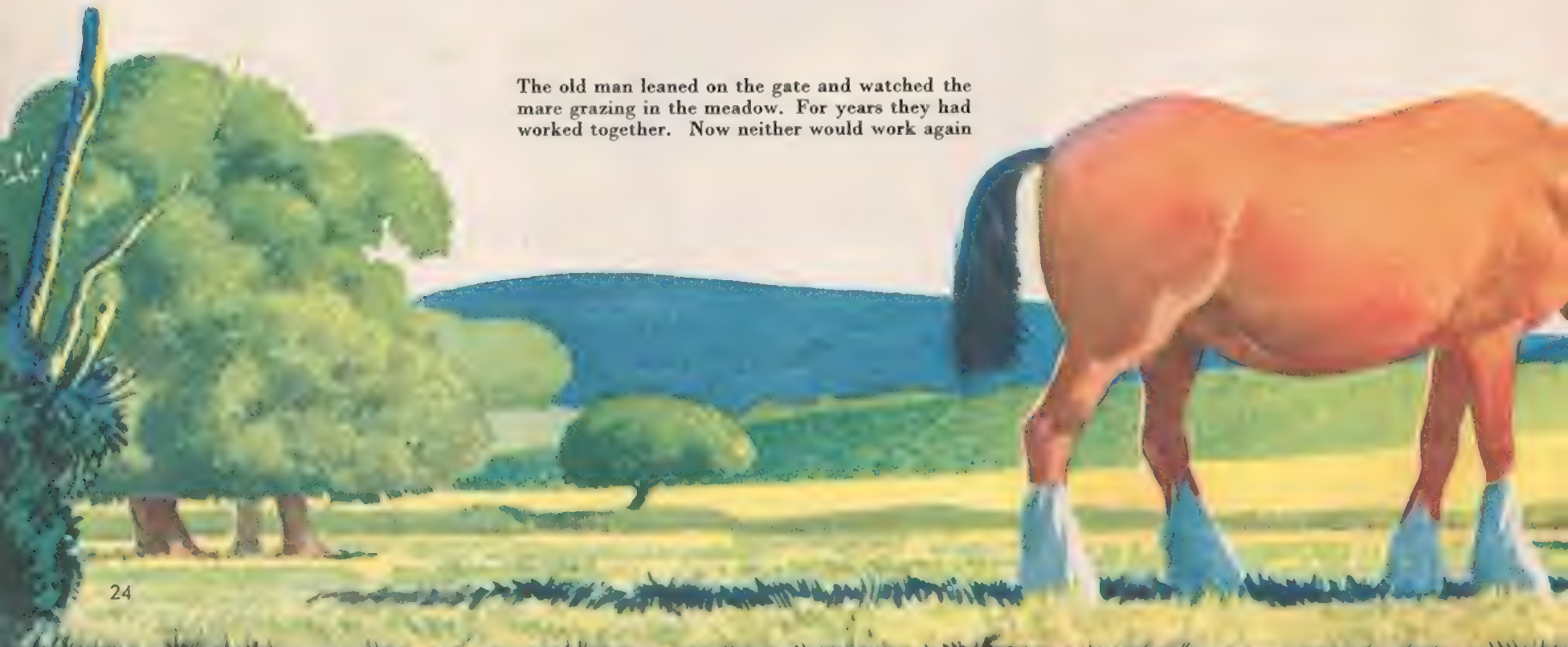
"It is indeed—" Mr. Pugh the clerk paused. Then he pointed to the wooden box and went on, "Do sit down, O.K. Jones. You've been on your feet enough today, I dare say. I'll sit on the other end."

They sat side by side, these two who met but seldom over the long years. O.K. Jones wondered what was coming. Some rise in wages, perhaps, or a decrease? Neither worried him.

MR. PUGH had picked up the tin of brass polish and was reading the label. Then he put it down and held his head a little on one side; he seemed to be listening to the staccato sounds of the motor mower at work. Then he said, "Machinery seems to do all the jobs these days, doesn't it, O.K. Jones?"

The old dustman nodded. "But muscle and heart are the only things which know a man's contentment, Mr. Pugh."

The clerk to the R.D.C. looked to the top of



The old man leaned on the gate and watched the mare grazing in the meadow. For years they had worked together. Now neither would work again

the green tree. He answered without looking down. "Some would say that was old-fashioned, O.K. Jones. If a man was very ill and they took him on horseback to hospital, he would die before he got there. But if there was a motor car, why, his life could be saved. That's what machinery can do for you."

O.K. Jones made a little bracelet of part of the harness around his wrist, and looked idly at it.

"And, in these days, when a man's life has been saved, what does he do with it, Mr. Pugh? He goes to watch hounds chasing a hare, or steals lead from a parish church."

"You're an old-fashioned preacher, that's what you are, O.K. Jones." Mr. Pugh looked suddenly from the top of the tree and directly at the brown face of O.K., and then went on in a rush of words. "But I've not come here this evening to talk philosophy with you. I could have sent you a letter, or a little boy clerk could have come, but I've come myself to tell you this."

He stopped, and O.K. Jones took a slow breath. In the silence the motor mower stopped. The children on the playing-field were going home along the village street, singing a song and tossing a cricket ball high into the darkening air.

"The council have decided that a lorry must take over the work which you and your horse and cart now do, O.K. Jones. The work of the other areas has been reorganized so that a motor vehicle will have the time to do all your work. They can do it in half a day. It's not my decision, it's that of the council."

There was silence after that. O.K. Jones said at last: "Have you thought about the mare, Mr. Pugh?"

"The cart is to be sold. You are to have a pension. The mare is to be sold. You know who buys horses these days, and what for?"

"Horse butchers, Mr. Pugh, for horse meat."

"Right, then, you know."

Mr. Pugh stood up. They shook hands with one another then, and Mr. Pugh went away, silent into the closing darkness of the June evening. O.K. Jones watched him go.

For the rest of the days of that week, Victoria and O.K. Jones moved from house to house, from farm to farm, from inhabited mansions to inhabited cottage. And as he emptied dustbins and gathered up old cardboard cartons, people came out to talk to him. There was a glass of cider for him, or a new scone crisp with butter, or a couple of lumps of sugar for Victoria.

With the end of the week a scrap-iron dealer came with a paper, signed by Mr. Pugh, to say that he had bought the dustcart. The man tied it behind his ramshackle lorry; that Saturday afternoon O.K. Jones watched it being trundled away along the village street.

That Saturday night O.K. slept only a little. At two-thirty he got up and went to the cart-house and the stable. He looked into the empty shed and reached in with his hands, moving them about in the darkness as if hoping that it had all been a dream; some rare imagining. But there was only the smell of the timber left, and the bottle of neat's-foot oil which the old dustman had used as axle grease. O.K. had offered the dealer the bottle, but the man had laughed and made no answer.

The bottle was on the window-sill and it gleamed in the moonlight, yet its very familiarity frightened the old man and he shut the door of the shed with a great crash. The noise disturbed Victoria in the stable and she pawed with her feet. He went in to her.

The chestnut mare had not been sleeping either. Normally, at this time of the year, she slept out. But tonight, O.K. Jones had brought her into the stable and the unfamiliarity of this seemed to tell the mare that there was something different, something terrible in their lives.

O.K. spoke to her for a while, and then he shut the stable door, gently, went back home to his bed, and slept with uneasy dreams.

ON the Sunday another man called to see O.K. Jones. This man came in a great grey lorry, accompanied by a driver in a yellow overall. Even as the lorry stopped outside his house, O.K. knew who the men were, and from where the lorry came. In neat letters on the cab door was the name of a horse meat company.

The man who came to the house from the lorry was large and prosperous-looking; he chewed a large cigar impatiently as he showed O.K. Jones a letter, signed by Mr. Pugh, to say that this man was to take delivery of one cart mare, at his convenience.

As O.K. gave him the letter back, the horse-dealer asked, "Where is it?"

For a moment O.K. was puzzled. "It? It, did you say?"

The horse-dealer waved his cigar aggressively. "Gor, yes, man. It—*it*! The mare."

O.K. Jones became aggressive also, for the first time in many years, and he answered sharply, "If you knew anything about horses you would not call a mare 'it.'"

"See, whitehead"—the dealer wagged a fat finger at O.K. Jones—"see, I know more about horses, dead and alive, than anybody in the north of England. I can tell to ten pounds what a horse will turn out dead weight."

O.K. Jones made no answer, and the man

Continued on page 35

Full speed to disaster

by KEITH ELLIS

Two minutes after an S O S, Sergeant Elliott is racing to the rescue. Seconds count when there's an emergency at sea

LAST SUMMER, Sergeant Harold Elliott was cruising in an R.A.F. launch a few hundred yards off Barry, Glamorgan, waiting to pick up Territorial Army parachutists who were making a demonstration jump into the sea. The wind was too strong for a mass drop, but to save disappointing the millions who were watching the event on television, eight instructors had volunteered to jump in pairs.

Seeing one of the parachutists falling between his launch and the coast, Elliott accelerated to the spot. Unfortunately, when the instructor tried to free himself, the shroud lines of his parachute caught in his shoulder straps and the canopy, still inflated, dragged him along, face downward, in the water. He shot past Elliott at twenty-five knots.

Elliott chased him, but realized that it would be extremely difficult to pick him up at speed. When the launch once more drew level with the parachute, Elliott steered into the canopy, spilling out the air and stopping the forward drag. He then manoeuvred alongside while his two crew men, hanging from a scramble net, hauled the instructor aboard. "We had a medical officer with us," says Elliott. "The parachutist soon came round under artificial respiration."

A stocky regular airman of forty-two, Elliott is one of the three coxswains stationed at 1105 Marine Craft Unit at Porthcawl. Although their main job is to patrol gunnery ranges off the Somerset, Devon and South Wales coasts, they form part of the R.A.F.'s Search and Rescue Service. Day and night, a crew stands by to speed to the rescue of any ship or aircraft in the Bristol Channel.

Often the search is a combined operation involving aeroplanes and other boats. Elliott was once ordered to search the sea off Minehead where a crashed aircraft was calculated to have drifted. On his way he had a message from base that wreckage had been sighted off Lynmouth. Since he had no orders to the contrary, he sped on to Minehead, but radioed the message to an R.A.F. Shackleton en route from St. Eval, Cornwall.

THE captain of the Shackleton said that he would investigate. A few minutes later, he reported that a helicopter had spotted both wreckage and pilot and was guiding a civilian boat to the scene. Elliott immediately changed course. When he arrived at the scene, the pilot had already been picked up by the small boat. Elliott transferred him to the R.A.F. launch and asked a local man on board to guide him into Lynmouth Harbour. A medical orderly started artificial respiration.

"The local man told me the phone number of Lynmouth Hospital," says Elliott. "I passed it to the helicopter, which reported it to its base. Base phoned the hospital and when we docked an ambulance was waiting. But the pilot was dead."

In winter, a crashed airman without a dinghy will die of exposure within half an hour, so launch crews are drilled to put to sea at two minutes' notice. The duty crews are not even allowed to leave the unit building during their seven days of duty. So that they can carry the maximum amount of rescue equipment, the 41½-foot, twenty-knot launches have no bedding for the crew and only emergency rations.

Occasionally, this means real hardship. One Thursday, at 10.5 a.m., Elliott was ordered to sea to search for an experimental Gloster Javelin which had crashed off Weston-super-Mare. "We'd been ploughing through a sort of black

Elliott (centre) brings a "crashed" pilot aboard his launch. Once a message in a bottle started a new search for a missing pilot. It was a hoax

Ships and helicopters join Elliott's launch when there's a distress call in the Bristol Channel. Sometimes he even helps bathers in difficulties

scum for some time when a helicopter reported that it had spotted wreckage about half a mile from us. We picked it up and described it over the radio to Air Traffic Control at Gloucester. They identified it and said that the black scum was also from the Javelin. They then ordered us to take the wreckage to Avonmouth."

On the way, Elliott's launch developed minor engine trouble. Arriving at 3 p.m., he handed over the remains of the Javelin and, with civilian engineers, worked on the launch's engines. At midnight, the boat sailed on the tide, but a few minutes later the main steering rod broke and Elliott had to manoeuvre the launch back into harbour steering with the engines. It was 5 p.m. Friday before the crew was again ready to sail for the return to Porthcawl.

A tidal harbour, Porthcawl is completely dry for several hours each day. On their way down the Channel, Elliott realized that they would arrive home when the tide was out. At 7.15 p.m., he put into Barry Harbour.

"It was two thirty a.m. before we could leave," he says. "We made Porthcawl at five on Saturday morning." For nearly two days, the crew had lived on emergency rations and snatched what sleep they could on the hard wooden benches of the main cabin.

Seven days later, a bottle was washed up on a beach near Barry Island. It contained a message, apparently from the Javelin pilot, that he was now on Steep Holme, a scrub-covered island in the Bristol Channel. At approximately the same time, a man said that he had seen a fire on Steep Holme from a caravan site on Lavernock Point. On two separate days, Elliott had the job of ferrying a fourteen-strong R.A.F. mountain rescue team to Steep Holme and back. "They searched thoroughly but there was no-one on the island," says Elliott. "The man who said that he saw a fire was genuinely mistaken—it may have been a car headlight on the Somerset coast road. The message in the bottle was a stupid hoax."

False reports are rare and almost never malicious. People who see a ship raking out its fires sometimes believe that it is in flames. Aeroplanes disappearing over the horizon are sometimes thought to have crashed. "But if there's any doubt, says Elliott, "we'd prefer people to let us know. We'd rather have an occasional false report than no report when there really has been an accident."

Members of the public who see a ship or aircraft in distress are asked to report details to the police. The police pass on the message to the nearest R.A.F. unit. If it has planes available, it organizes a search. In any case, it informs the nearest Air Traffic Control Centre, which makes an immediate check on R.A.F. stations with planes in the air, and with the civilian authorities. It also informs the nearest Rescue Co-ordination Centre—at Plymouth, Pitreavie in Scotland or Aldergrove in Northern Ireland.

The Rescue Co-ordination Centre then informs the nearest District Coastguard Headquarters and asks it to broadcast a message to all ships in the area and to get in touch with the local lifeboat. At the same time, the R.C.C. starts a search with aeroplanes, helicopters and launches which are standing ready twenty-four hours a day. If necessary, it also calls on one of the naval duty vessels, usually destroyers, which are stationed at strategic points around the coast.

SOME of the R.A.F.'s Marine Craft Units, which exist solely for rescue work, are equipped with sixty-eight foot launches capable of at least twenty-five knots. A few have Sarah, a radar device which picks up signals sent out by small transmitters carried by crashed airmen. Other M.C.U.s specialize in recovering torpedoes, servicing flying-boats, working with the Ministry of Supply on guided missile ranges or, like Porthcawl, patrolling firing ranges.

Elliott was a flight sergeant during the war. Before that he spent five years in a training ship and three years in the merchant navy. "But then there was a shipping slump, and it was hard to get a berth." After escaping from Cherbourg in 1940, he was stationed at Porthcawl, Pembroke Dock and Calshot before being posted, in May, 1943, to a mobile air-sea rescue unit in the Mediterranean. Until the war's end, he ranged from Egypt to the south of France.

His speediest rescue was at Calvi, Corsica. He was actually in his launch ready to leave the harbour when he saw, through the wheelhouse window, an aeroplane taking off from a Free French Air Force station across the bay.

As it crossed the coast, the aircraft lost height and fell into the sea. Elliott shouted: "Crash!" and streaked out of the harbour. "The pilot was a mile away," he says. "We picked him up in a matter of minutes."

Since November, 1952, Elliott has been stationed at Porthcawl. As he prefers not to move his wife and three children around from station to station, they live in a flat at Wandsworth, London. "It means that I'm available on the station whether I'm on duty or not."

Besides taking part in major searches directed by the Rescue Co-ordination Centre, M.C.U.s have occasional calls when bathers or small boat enthusiasts get into difficulties.

Warrant Officer Alexander Kinnaird, M.M., officer commanding Porthcawl, is proud of the fact that last year the unit won the 19 Group cup for the most efficient M.C.U. Though he rarely goes to sea himself, he often organizes searches from his orderly room. Besides a duty crew, he has a stand-by crew which must be within easy call, and a third crew which works ordinary hours on whichever one of the three boats is laid up for overhaul. At 8 a.m. on Fridays, the crews change round. Besides a cox, the launch patrolling the range carries a fitter, a wireless operator and two crewmen. On a crash call, a medical orderly is also aboard.

Perhaps the unit's strangest request for help came from a sixteen-stone woman tripper who lost her false teeth while bathing near the pier. "She came in here with tears in her eyes," says Elliott. "We told her we'd look for her teeth when the tide was out." For three mornings, two airmen scrabbled among rocks and pebbles and shifting sand. At last they found the teeth.

"When we sent them on to the woman she wrote to us a very nice letter of thanks. It's one of the few times we've heard later from someone we've helped." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

M-M-M-M- you'll love them!

FOR NEW COUGH COMFORT!

NEW WILD CHERRY FLAVOUR
VICK MEDICATED LOZENGES
Medicated with Throat-Soothing Ingredients of VICK VAPOUR-RUB
NEW WILD CHERRY FLAVOUR!

Really medicated, wonderfully soothing!

Delicious Vick Wild Cherry Lozenges contain proved medications of Vick Vapour-Rub! No wonder they soothe sore throat, relieve dryness and calm coughs in a hurry!

NOW 2 FLAVOURS!

I LIKE CHERRY!
I PREFER REGULAR!
VICK MEDICATED LOZENGES
YOU DECIDE... both effectively medicated . . . both give wonderful relief!

FRENCH LEAVE

Continued from page 13

of poverty! Well, I won't keep you up. Pleasant dreams, my dear boy." And Old Nick gave his tie a final adjustment in the mirror. . . .

Terry, pushing her way through the crowds, had arrived at the public amusement gardens. A band was playing with bulging eyes on the platform in the centre, and around this platform pirouetted the merrymaking citizenry, stepping high, wide and plentiful.

But the prediction of Armand, the floor-waiter, that a hundred partners would leap into action the moment Terry appeared was not fulfilled. St. Rocque's gilded youth were all obviously involved with their own personal lady friends, and it was not long before Terry decided that peace and quiet would be preferable to the din in the gardens. A stroll on the dunes, where there would be soothing darkness and a sea breeze to play on her face, suggested itself.

As she turned to go, she bumped into an elderly but well-preserved gentleman of aristocratic mien, who bared his head in courteous apology.

"*Mille pardons, mademoiselle.*"

"*Pas du tout, monsieur.*"

"Ah, you are American!" said the elderly gentleman, smiling a charming smile. "How your accent strikes a chord in my memory! My dear wife—my first wife—was. . . ."

He would, no doubt, have spoken further, but at this moment Terry was swept away on a wave of revellers, one of whom was brandishing a pair of trousers. They passed on their way, and Terry resumed her progress towards the dunes.

The moonlight was surprisingly bright on the dunes. The light was ghostly, and when a voice—almost, it seemed, at Terry's elbow—spoke suddenly from nowhere, she leaped a liberal six inches and came to earth quivering.

"Hoy!" said the voice. It came from behind a sand dune and shortly established itself as a face looking over the top. A young man's face.

Terry was a sweet-natured girl, but even sweet-natured girls can be ruffled.

"Who's that?" she asked sharply. "You scared me stiff."

The voice uttered a whoop of joy. "Gosh! For Pete's sake! Are you American?"

"I am."

"Thank God! I thought I should have to explain the situation in French, and I only know about two words of French."

"What situation would that be?"

"I'm in a spot. It's like this. . . ." A sudden alarm seized the voice. "Hoy!" it said. It seemed to be its favourite word. "You aren't coming any closer, are you? You see, I haven't any pants on."

TERRY suddenly found this human drama into which she had stumbled fraught with interest.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Why not? Because a bunch of drunks tore them off me. I was strolling along, minding my own business, and they ganged up on me."

Terry remembered. "Good heavens. I've met them. The trousers, I mean. In the public amusement gardens."

"I've been lurking on these damned dunes for hours, waiting for someone to come along."

"And here I am. What can I do for you?"

The voice seemed to reflect. "It's difficult. I want to get back to my yacht in the harbour. I have twenty-seven pairs of trousers aboard her," said the voice in a tone of wild regret. "My name's Carpenter."

"Oh, yes. I've heard of you. You're a friend of Chester Todd."

"Gosh—you know Chester? Then everything's fine. Would you mind finding him and telling him to get a boat and bring it here? Then he can row me to the yacht."

"Why, of course," said Terry. "Glad to help."

She hurried back to the public gardens, but then it became evident to her that finding Chester Todd wasn't going to be easy. Presumably he and Jo were dancing at one of St. Rocque's eleven hotels; or at one of its fifteen restaurants; or at one of its two casinos. The prospect of having to visit all these places of entertainment chilled her.

It was as she stood wondering what to do for the best that she observed at a nearby table the distinguished-looking elderly gentleman with whom she had so recently passed the time of day, and hurried toward him. "Excuse me," she said. "I don't know if you remember me?"

Old Nick rose courteously. "But, of course, of course," he said. "How could I forget you, my dear? I have just ordered a bottle of champagne. Won't you sit down and join me?"

Terry shook her head. "I'm sorry. I'm on an errand of mercy. There's an unfortunate waif out on the dunes there who hasn't any trousers on."

Old Nick blinked. These were deep waters.

"Why not?" he said.

Terry explained Mr. Carpenter's predicament.

"He wants to get back to his yacht," she concluded.

Old Nick started. "His yacht?"

"Big steam yacht. It's in the harbour."

AT this, Old Nick's eyes shone. There was only one big steam yacht in the harbour. It belonged to Frederick Carpenter, majority stock-holder in the celebrated sparkling table water, Fizzo, and possessor of 20 million dollars.

"Did he—did he tell you his name?" he said.

"Carpenter, he said."

"I will go without an instant's delay," said Old Nick, and was off like a jack rabbit, his heart singing within him.

It was in light-hearted mood that Terry made her way back to the Hotel Magnifique. She had hoped for an entertaining evening, and nobody could say that St. Rocque had not given her one. Only when she slipped silently in and found her sister, Kate, sitting there, bolt upright in a pink dressing-gown, did her exuberance diminish. She foresaw an unpleasant quarter of an hour, and was not astray in her prediction.

Having accepted meekly a severe lecture, she ventured to inquire after Jo, and learned with surprise that she had returned an hour ago.

"It was that that woke me," said Kate. "She came in and went to bed without a word."

"Without a word?"

"Well, she said she had a headache. I'm not surprised."

"But Jo never has headaches. I don't like this. Something must have gone wrong with her and Chester. I wonder if she's awake."

Josephine was awake. Kate wasted no time in courteous preliminaries. "What happened between you and Mr. Todd tonight?"

"Nothing happened," said Jo. "We had dinner and danced, and then I came home."

"Did he see you home?"

"Of course he did."

"Did he kiss you?" Terry asked.

Jo laughed—a hollow, mirthless laugh.

"He did not," she said. "How can you suggest that a respectable, upright married man would even try to do such a thing?"

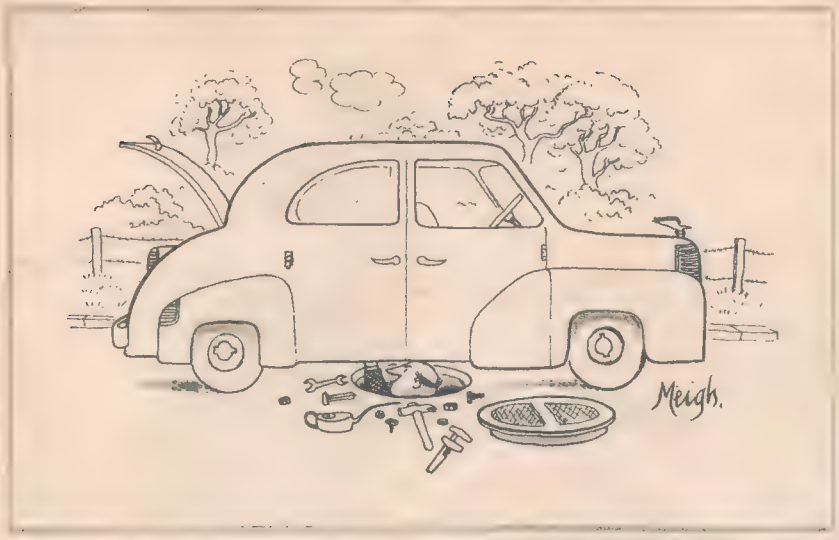
Terry squeaked in amazement. "*Married?*"

"Been married for years. Jane Parker. Apparently she's a famous violinist and keeps her own name. So never mind about those two weeks, Terry, I shan't need them. I'm taking the first plane home I can get, and I'm going to marry Henry."

She went back into her room, banging the door, and a silence followed her departure.

"Well," said Kate, breaking it, "I'm glad that one of you has some sense. Now we can all go home to Bensonburg."

Terry shook her head. "I'm not going home till I've seen Roville. I've



a feeling that something wonderful will happen to me there."

"Bah!"

"You wait," said Terry.

Some two hours later, at the Pension Durand down by the harbour, Old Nick burst into his son's room and roused him from a deep sleep with an urgent hand on his shoulder. "Jeff!"

Jeff sat up with a groan. "Oh, heavens, Nick! What's wrong now?"

"Nothing is wrong. Everything is very much all right. Do you know where I have been spending the last two hours, Jeff? On a yacht. On a luxurious yacht lying in the harbour, the property of Frederick Carpenter, the Fizzo millionaire; or Butch, as he has asked me to call him."

"Why Butch?"

"A nickname bestowed on him at his university. He was a great footballer, it seems. Yes, his gratitude was touching."

"His gratitude?"

Old Nick explained. "And now, my boy, I am to join his party on the yacht for a cruise. We sail three days from now."

"We?"

"You are included in the invitation."

"But how about my work? I can't drop it to go gadding about on yachts."

Old Nick snorted impatiently. "What nonsense! You will have plenty of leisure for your writing. You'll come?"

A vision of his hot, stuffy room in the rue Jacob rose before Jeff's mental eye. It was followed by a vision of the sort of yacht that might be expected to house a sparkling table water millionaire. He said: "Yes, I'll come."

"Good. Our destination is Roville. We shall not live on the yacht. Butch is putting us all up at the Hotel Splendide. We shall be quite a small party, I understand. Just ourselves, a Mrs. Pegler—an American woman—and her niece, a Miss Todd. Miss Todd's brother, Chester, and his wife were to have been with us, but they want to stay on a little longer in St. Rocque."

"Chester Todd?" said Jeff. "I know him. He and his sister own some sort of table water."

"Indeed? Like Butch. These table water millionaires seem to stick together. And mark you, Jeff, how all things work together for good. Where could I find anyone more suitable than a grateful Butch to supply the capital for my umbrella club?"

On the yacht Belinda, Freddie Carpenter, smoking a last pipe before retiring for the night, was joined by his friend and guest, Chester Todd.

"Hi," said Chester. "Did you look in at the Festival?"

Freddie quivered. "You betcher I looked in at the Festival, and do you know what happened? The natives pinched my trousers."

"You don't say?"

Mr. Carpenter did say. He recounted the sorry episode. "I might have been there still, if a girl hadn't come along and fetched an old boy who fetched a boat and rowed me to the yacht. A splendid old boy. I've invited him to come to Roville with us. He's a real French markee."

"Then watch the spoons closely, Butch. I wouldn't trust a French marquee as far as I could throw an elephant."

"What do you know about French markees?"

"I know them from soup to nuts. My Aunt Hermione married one. You should hear her on the subject. Cancel the invitation is my advice."

"I can't. I wouldn't hurt old Nick's feelings for the world."

Chester started. "Old Nick?"

"He asked me to call him Nick."

Chester coughed. "His name," he said, "isn't by any chance Nicolas Jules St. Xavier Auguste, Marquis de Maufringneuse et Valerie-Moberanne?"

"That's right. He gave me his card. Why, do you know him? Who is he?"

"Only Aunt Hermione's former husband. She hates his insides. And you know Hermione Pegler. When she dislikes someone, she doesn't hide it. You're going to have a very pleasant trip, my lad, with those two aboard."

In Roville, Terry was on the balcony of her first-floor suite, standing at the rail and looking down at the beach. The golden sands dotted with striped umbrellas made an attractive picture, but it was with a discontented frown that she eyed the scene.

She turned and went back into the suite to talk to Kate.

"I suppose you aren't enjoying this any more than you did St. Rocque," she said.

"I'm hating every minute of it."

"So am I," said Terry. She paced the room restlessly. "It's this thing of not being able to get to know anybody that's breaking me down. We've been here nearly a week, and we haven't met a soul. I wonder someone doesn't write a book about this beastly place. How To Come To Roville And Not Feel Like A Leper. How To Lure The Best People Into Occasionally Throwing You A Kind Word. How To Obtain An Introduction To A Dark Young Gentleman With Brown Eyes And A Scar On His Cheek—"

"*What!*" exclaimed Kate. "Who is this man with the scar on his cheek?"

"Oh, just someone I've seen around the hotel. I thought he looked interesting."

"Has he spoken to you?"

"Don't be silly, dear. This is Roville. Oh, gosh—how I miss Jo!"

"If you had any sense, you would do as she has done and go home."

"I hate to be beaten. Still, there's a lot in what you say. Shall we go home?"

"You know how I feel about it."

"All right, then, that's settled. We go home. And now I am going for a swim." . . .

On the terrace of the Splendide, a vision in gleaming white with a panama hat on his shapely head, Old Nick was in conversation with his son, Jefferson.

"Most extraordinary coincidence," he was saying. "It gives one that uncomfortable feeling that you can never know what is going to jump out at you

Advertisement

Their song—but will it tell her the truth?

Amanda and Robin first met at a tennis dance. They liked each other at once—then found, to their delight, that they danced together perfectly. From then on, Robin was Amanda's partner at every dance, and she dreamed of the day when they would be partners for ever.

Until, three days before the big, end-of-season dance, a brief note told her he would not be going.

Poor Amanda. As she played over the tunes they had loved to dance to, she wondered how Robin could have let her down so casually. But she never hit on the truth that Robin was too shy to mention—that her bad breath was breaking up their partnership.

THE REAL FACTS

If only Amanda had asked herself why she started every day with a stale, unpleasant taste in her mouth: the "morning mouth," in fact, that means bad breath! The reason for it is simple.

"Morning Mouth" is caused by food particles that lodge in the remote recesses of the mouth, decay, and give off a rank odour. This bad breath odour can last *right through to the evening*, if it is not dealt with properly.

Mentasol Toothpaste solves the problem. Mentasol, with *water-soluble* chlorophyll, reaches remote danger spots such as gum flaps and tooth crevices and counteracts the organic putrefaction that leads to mouth odour. Within seconds, bad breath is stopped, and stopped for hours.

Brush your teeth regularly with Mentasol. It will help to keep your whole mouth fresh, clean and healthy.

MS67-1306

THERE'S NONE BETTER THAN A BARACUTA...

This truth is spreading far and wide every year. Immaculate always and adequate for every season and every occasion— BARACUTA undoubtedly is the Coat of the Year.

Prices from
£6.6.0 to £15.19.6

For sheer luxury, there is the Baracuta All Wool Camel detachable warmer or, for those who prefer it, the superb Baracuta Quilted Satin lining—both readily zipped in or out.

BARACUTA

Britain's Best Rainwear

next. When you met her, could she have knocked you down with a feather?"

Jeff admitted that he had been somewhat taken aback.

"I, too," said Old Nick. "It was the complete absence of any kind of warning that unmanned me. 'A Mrs. Pegler,' Butch said. I was aware, of course, that after we parted your stepmother became Mrs. L. J. Quackenbush, but how was I to know that she had divorced Quackenbush and married this Pegler, whoever he is? Though I suppose I ought to have realized that she was a woman who would seldom let a day pass without divorcing someone."

Jeff hazarded the theory that getting a divorce was habit-forming, like opium or cocaine.

"Still, I don't like it," Old Nick said. "When a woman who ought to be Mrs. L. J. Quackenbush suddenly appears calling herself Mrs. Winthrop Pegler, it seems somehow furtive and underhand, as if she were going about under an alias. However, nothing to be done, I suppose, except to try to bear her society with fortitude. And there is sunshine as well as shadow. At least I've never met Mavis Todd."

"It's no good trying to hound me on to woo Mavis Todd," Jeff said. "She's going to marry Butch."

"Are they engaged?"

"Not yet, but one can see that Hermione is straining every nerve to bring it about. No good expending nervous force and energy on a hopeless project. She's an odd girl. I wish she would sometimes say something except 'Yes, Auntie.'"

OLD NICK said reluctantly: "I suppose you would not call her a sparkling conversationalist."

"Butch isn't either. I'd say she was just right for Butch."

"I am inclined to agree with you. A curious fellow, Butch." Old Nick paused. Jeff was gazing into the middle distance, a rapt expression on his face. "You aren't listening," Old Nick said testily.

Jeff started. "I'm sorry. I just happened to see that girl go by. Off to take a swim. Extraordinary," said Jeff, "how attractive she looks in a wrapper."

"What girl is this?"

"Her name's Trent, they told me at the desk. She's American."

Old Nick quivered at the magic word.

"She has a suite on the first floor."

Old Nick quivered again. He knew what those suites on the first floor of the Hotel Splendide cost.

"Looks a nice girl," said Jeff carelessly. "I've wished occasionally that there was some way of getting to know her."

"Some way?" Old Nick's voice trembled. "There are a hundred ways of getting to know girls at a seashore resort."

"Such as——?"

"Save her from drowning."

"She'd be much more likely to save me. She's a wonderful swimmer."

Old Nick said severely: "I don't like to feel that a son of mine is lacking in enterprise. However, you had better leave it to me. It will be simple. You say she is on her way to swim. I will take a boat, and follow her, and warn her that there is a storm coming on. She will climb gratefully into my boat, and—*voila-tout*!"

Jeff regarded his father with admiration.

"I need to know just one thing," Old Nick said. "How do I recognize her?"

"It won't be difficult. She has a face like a Boticelli angel, a scarlet bathing cap with wisps of fair hair peeping out from under it like little rays of sunshine, blue eyes with the sort of warm glow in them that you see in a summer sky, a lovely mouth, beautiful arms, a perfect figure and a nose that turns up slightly at the tip," said Jeff simply. "You can't miss her."

It was some three-quarters of an hour later that Mrs. Winthrop Pegler came on to the terrace of the Hotel Splendide, accompanied by Frederick Carpenter and her niece, Mavis Todd. She was a handsome, severe woman with elaborately waved hair and plucked iron-grey eyebrows. She was brooding on her former husband, the Marquis de Maufringneuse, and his son, Jefferson.

For the Marquis's presence had told her that there was a sinister plot afoot to undo all the patient spadework she had been putting in with regard to Freddie Carpenter and Mavis.

Through one or other of her discarded husbands, Hermione Pegler had acquired substantial holdings in both Fizzo, the sparking table water controlled by Freddie Carpenter, and Clear Spring, the sparkling table water controlled by her niece, Mavis Todd, and Mavis's brother, Chester. She was naturally anxious to see these holdings increase in value, and obviously the marriage of Mavis and Freddie would be an ideal step to such an end.

And everything had looked extremely promising until the arrival of Old Nick.

She knew Old Nick. None better. She knew that, learning that there was a girl with a vast fortune aboard a yacht in the harbour, he would lose no time in insinuating himself into the good graces of the owner of that yacht, and then send for that son of his. Hoping that the latter would carry on from there.

And he had every ground for such a hope. Hermione disliked Jeff extremely, but she did not blind herself to the fact that he was a singularly attractive young man, just the sort of young man in whose hands Mavis, who was virtually an imbecile, would be as wax.

Musing thus, she crossed the terrace and at a table in the corner perceived Old Nick in close conversation with a fair-haired girl in a Dior summer dress. . . .

Old Nick's recognition of Terry and Terry's recognition of him, when he rowed up in his boat with the courtly *"Pardon, mademoiselle,"* had been mutual and instantaneous.

"You," Old Nick had said. "Well!"

"Well, well!" said Terry.

She had climbed into his boat, though scoffing at the suggestion that there was a storm coming up, and they had returned to shore, prattling gaily. Back on dry land, Terry had gone to dress, and the two of them were now enjoying a drink and talking about Old Nick's son, Jefferson.

"You may have seen him about the place," said Old Nick. "He has a scar on his cheek."

"What!"

"An honourable scar, a scar any father might be proud of. He got it in the Maquis. He shed blood for France, shed it profusely. And he is as gifted as he is brave," Old Nick went on, momentarily forgetting his scorn of authorship. "He writes novels and things."

IT was at this moment, as Terry sat with her heart racing, that Mrs. Pegler, Freddie and Mavis came up.

"Oh, here you are," said Mrs. Pegler without pleasure, addressing her former consort.

Terry was still in a dream as Old Nick, leaping up lissomely, did the honours.

"Miss Trent, Mrs. Pegler. Her niece, Miss Todd. Mr. Carpenter, our host. Miss Trent and I met at St. Rocque the night of the Festival. And this will interest you, Butch. She was your angel of mercy. It was she who informed me of your predicament that night. It was she who told me of the bereavement you had suffered."

"Gosh!"

"Upon which, of course, I immediately hurried off and sped to the rescue."

Mrs. Pegler spoke. For some moments she had been drinking Terry in with a suspicious eye. She said: "That was your first meeting with Miss Trent?"

"We had bumped into one another a few moments earlier in the crowd."

"I see. Just a casual acquaintance."

There was nothing suspicious in the

"Wake up! . . . I've finished. . . . Let me out! . . . Wake up . . ."

eye with which Freddie was drinking in Terry. He gazed at her enraptured. He was a large young man with bright red hair and a freckled face.

"So you were that girl? I don't know how to thank you, Miss Trent. . . . Trent?" said Freddie, knitting his brow. "I met a Miss Trent at dinner one night in St. Rocque. Any relation?"

Terry could feel her toes curling but she replied composedly. She said: "I have no relations in St. Rocque. In fact, I don't think I have any relations in the world except my cousin, who is here with me, and a sister in America." For the first time she was thankful that Jo had left her. "Did you find your twenty-seven pairs of trousers when you got back to the yacht, Mr. Carpenter?" she asked, changing the subject.

"Eh? Oh, yes. Yes. And talking of the yacht, would you care to see it?"

"I should love to."

"Let's go," said Freddie.

A silence followed their departure. It was broken by Mrs. Pegler, who was looking grim.

"Mavis!"

"Yes, Auntie?"

"Go and look at the shops."

"Yes, Auntie."

"Just a brief word, Nicolas," said Mrs. Pegler, as her niece drifted off. "Do you think I can't see what you are up to?"

Old Nick was all courteous interest. "Up to, my dear? I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Don't think you are pulling the wool over my eyes," Mrs. Pegler said in a metallic voice. "Aren't you trying to marry that son of yours to Mavis?"

"Ridiculous!"

"H'm. And in order to divert Frederick and take his mind off Mavis you have produced this girl who calls herself Miss Trent. It's entirely obvious what sort of girl she is . . . running around St. Rocque unescorted . . . letting you pick her up. . . ."

Old Nick swelled portentously. "Are you impugning Miss Trent's honour and respectability?"

"Yes. I could see at a glance that the girl is an adventuress. What I want to say to you is this: I intend that Frederick shall marry Mavis, and unless you give up this plot of yours it will be the worse for you."

And Mrs. Pegler, after a long, lingering look of the if-looks-could-kill type, departed. . . .

Having inspected Freddie Carpenter's yacht and returned to the hotel, Terry paused for a moment on the front steps to look at the view.

The spectacle before her eyes—yellow sands, sapphire water and out on the horizon mysterious islands wrapped in a pearly mist—was one which she had always appreciated, but this morning it had a new magic, for Terry was in love.

Just twenty minutes ago. . . . A young man in the dining-saloon hammering away at a typewriter, Freddie apologetic.

"Oh, hallo, Jeff. Afraid we're interrupting you."

"Quite all right."

"I'm showing Miss Trent the yacht," said Freddie. "Miss Trent—the Comte d'Escrignon."

And that was how it had all begun.

Terry went up to the suite. Kate was there, wistfully reading the Paris *New York Herald-Tribune*.

"Did you have a good swim?" she asked.

"Splendid," said Terry. "And I've met the young man with the scar. He's a count."

Kate sniffed.

"He would be!" she said.

"He seems quite nice," said Terry, and went into her room to get ready for lunch, conscious of having abbreviated her story a little. She had not, for instance, mentioned what had occurred when Freddie, called away for a moment, had left her alone with Jeff and she had seen that look in his eyes.

One didn't tell Kate everything. Still, there was something she had to tell her.

"Oh, Kate," she said, opening the door. "I'm not going home."

"What!"

"No, I've changed my mind. I misjudged Roville. Roville," said Terry, "is all right."

To be continued next week

"French Leave," by P. G. Wodehouse, will be published by Herbert Jenkins next January at 10s. 6d.

Perfect weather for his **water-resistant** *watch!*

True enough, there isn't any water. But look at the dust; think of the sand, and the humidity. What sort of watch will keep them out? Only a water-resistant watch. The Swiss make their water-resistant watches to keep out *everything!*

It doesn't matter whether you're caught in a rainstorm or a sandstorm, at the Pole or in the tropics—your watch ticks on untroubled. Sealed in its special case, the fine Swiss jewelled-lever movement is well out of harm's way.

Any good jeweller will be glad to show you how the Swiss water-resistant seal works—and you'll find it very interesting. He can show you other exciting Swiss watches too—watches that never need winding, that show the date as well as the time; watches that record the tides, and the phases of the moon . . . beautiful ladies' watches in exquisite settings.

Whatever sort of watch you're looking for—see that the one you buy is Swiss. There are no other watches like them.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

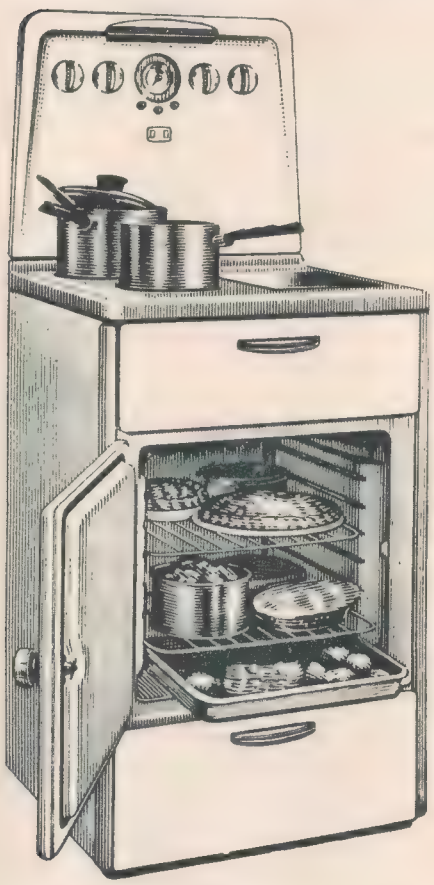
Buy from a jeweller, who can service a watch as well as sell it. His advice is skilled and knowledgeable — and very well worth having.

Time is the Art of the Swiss

SWISS FEDERATION OF WATCH MANUFACTURERS

Carefree cooking by Creda

sets you free....



'With the new Creda Carefree electric cooker you're no longer 'tied to the kitchen'! You're set free—free to enjoy yourself—while the next meal is cooking to perfection: because the 'Carefree' oven switches itself on . . . does the cooking . . . switches itself off . . . *automatically* Lovely to look at—lavishly equipped—(plate-warming drawer, auto-timed like the oven, as standard!)—the Creda Carefree is specially designed for auto-timed electric cooking at its wonderful best. Yet it costs

only £50

See the Creda Carefree at your local Electricity Service Centre or Electrical Contractor's showroom. No purchase tax—easy terms available

A detachable ringer and two wonderful cookery books are supplied free with your Creda Carefree

FOR ELECTRIC COOKING—FOR CLEANER, CHEAPER COOKING

you need-a

Creda *Carefree*

AUTO-TIMED COOKER

Creda Division, Simplex Electric Co Ltd, Creda Works, Blythe Bridge, Staffs

London Showrooms: 217-219 Tottenham Court Road, W.1 A TI COMPANY

No more freeze-ups!

—protect your

Cold-Water CISTERN

with the low-cost, simple-to-fix

STRAMIT LAGGING UNIT

Available in 21 ready-made B.S.S. sizes. Each unit consists of five 2-in. thick insulating slabs, with fixing-clips & metal straps—easily erected with carpentry tools.

Also used for retaining heat in hot-water tanks.

Approved and specified by Housing Authorities everywhere

Delivered packed like this

From Builders' Merchants, Timber Merchants, Ironmongers. In difficulty, write to: STRAMIT BOARDS LTD., COWLEY PEACHEY, UXBRIDGE, MIDDX :: WEST DRAYTON 3021

AMBUSH AT SCISSORS CREEK

Continued from page 21

dogs and gamecocks, clearing space. To Dilks, standing by the forge, he said: "Back, step back, you ignoramus."

Dilks merely blinked.

It was then that Allaire, scarcely realizing it, I'm sure, put his spread hand against Dilks's chest.

And Dilks was on him like a swarm of bees.

They locked together with a threshing of legs and arms. Instantly I could see they were both expert fighters. Dilks bent his knees, pulling Allaire upon him to the earth. Each man interlaced, made a brief try for his blade, Dilks for his claspknife, Allaire for his dirk, and each gave it up because the threshing was so intense.

They rolled, churned, swelled and constricted. Slowly, Allaire's hand crept up Dilks's cheek towards his eye, thumb stiffened for gouging.

ALLAIRE yelped, in pain and surprise. He scrambled to his feet and retreated. A nip had been taken from the lobe of his ear. Dilks got to his feet sedately, beaming.

In great dignity, Dilks walked to the open doorway and addressed the crowd. "The gentleman was wrong," he explained patiently. "I'm not an ignoramus. I'm a schoolmaster. You can't be both, can you? That's only logic."

The blacksmith bandaged Allaire's ear. He was uninterested in the fight but interested in the cattle. "Them's mighty fine cattle you got."

Though at that instant I had coins in my palm to pay him, he thought Allaire the boss.

"The cattle is just so-so," confided Allaire. "I seen better."

They were extremely fine cattle—noteworthy, in fact.

"Baltimore's a long ways and you got mighty rough country ahead."

"Rough country don't aggravate me none," said Allaire. "I'm a man that knows his business."

The blacksmith finished the bandage. "Didn't see you riding the horse when you folks came in."

"No," said Allaire. "But I'll be riding tomorrow." And he was.

Across from the smithy was Jacktown's only hotel, a dingy structure of unpainted planking, its cracked front window patched with butcher's paper; sometimes surprisingly good food was served in such hovels. As it was almost noon I decided to feed the men well, let them rest a little, and hope they'd smooth their feathers over tobacco and a tankard.

The dinner itself proved bounteous and succulent—three meats, fish and turtle—but conversation was meagre and painfully curt. There was no sign of further flare-up, however, so I left the table and strolled to the sidewalk. An eastbound stage loaded with dusty passengers baked in the sun before the door. The driver was absent.

Behind the hotel was a stable, and, flanking it, an open-faced lean-to. Under the lean-to was the only shade; I entered it and sat on my heels. I was watching an ant and a dead bluebottle fly when a husky voice said: "Help yourself, finish her up." I turned my head.

Two men were standing behind the stable, their backs to me—the blacksmith and the stage driver. The driver was gulping from a stone bottle. He said: "Gah. Thanks," and returned the bottle to the blacksmith.

"Just old busthead," said the blacksmith, "but I'm glad you enjoyed it. Wonder would you do me a favour?"

"'Deed I will."

"Know a feller called Froggy along your line?"

"Know him, but don't much care for him."

"Take him a message from me. Tell him Aunt Clara and a scrawny old bullock will be crossing the ford some of these days and maybe he'd like to say hullo."

"I'll tell him," said the stage driver, and they wandered away.

Our drove was on the road within the hour and our stand that night was a farmhouse-tavern just within the edge of the forest.

Hardly had we gotten our stock from pasture next morning and started down the track than we were swallowed in a dense wilderness. The road undulated through towering virgin timber and at times it was nothing more than a tube of soft light, green and grey, boring its way through matted scrub and looping vines.

The beasts were moving rhythmically and I was walking my bay in the fore with Dilks and his ox when we heard Allaire call, "Hold!"

Alarmed, I trotted to the rear. Allaire was seated on a boulder at the roadside, picking his teeth with a sharpened goose quill. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"I think I unfastened the master ligament in my leg," he said. "I can't scarcely walk."

Stonily, we gazed at each other. He had me and I knew it.

"That's too bad," I said evenly. "What shall we do about it?"

"Why, I wouldn't know, William. You're the boss."

Taking a deep breath, I said: "Could you ride the horse, do you think?"

"If you say so."

Nothing was going to keep me from moving my drove along. I dismounted and took his whip. He swung briskly into the saddle. That was how Allaire and I changed places.

WE baited that noon under the oaks on dried beef and tea, and I saw that Dilks's manner towards me had altered. The horse had been too much for him. He thought I was favouring Allaire. Icy hurt showed in his eyes.

That was the situation then—everyone angry at everyone else.

Everyone angry but me. I was simply worried. And my present worry seemed greater at the moment than all the others that had gone before it.

I was certain that my drove had been marked for ambush.

In my family I am said to be not a quick thinker but a stubborn one. I had given the blacksmith and his message a good deal of thought and didn't like the answer.

Now I related the incident to my crew.

"Somewhere on the road ahead, there's a robber named Froggy lying in wait for us," I said. "He knows how fast we travel and when to expect us. We may meet him tomorrow, and we may not meet him for a week, but I'm sure in my heart that we'll see him

Solution to the gift problem

THE problem of finding Christmas gifts for relatives and friends overseas can be solved easily and immediately—by taking advantage of John Bull's Christmas overseas subscription service.

A year's subscription to John Bull is a Christmas present that lasts, and it costs only 24s. (21s. 8d. for Canada).

Your gift will be announced by a specially designed greetings card, bearing your name. Send the name and address of your friend (block letters, please) with a crossed cheque, postal or money order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., to: The Publisher, John Bull, 57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Do it without delay, for Christmas mails to distant parts of the world leave Britain early.

FOR EVERYONE–EVERYWHERE–CARPETS MAKE A HOME

Trevor Howard and Helen Cherry chose a rich coloured carpet with a simple design for their sitting-room

In the sitting-room of their Hertfordshire home, Trevor Howard and his charming wife Helen Cherry relax and have fun with their dog Jackson. And what a cheerful setting their new carpet makes! Its rich coloured background and simple modern design spreads friendliness and comfort to every corner of the room.
This carpet is just one of the hundreds of designs your retailer can show you *now*. When making your choice, always look for the label of the Federation of British Carpet Manufacturers—then you *know* you are making a good investment and getting the best value for your money.

Buy a

BRITISH CARPET

that carries this label

FREE! 20-page colour-illustrated booklet "How to Choose and Care for Carpets," packed with useful information and advice. Send a postcard to-day with your address to: Carpet Information Dept., 4 Playhouse Yard, London, E.C.4.

Best of all .. buy an all-Wool Carpet

Eleanor Parker and Glenn Ford, co-starring in M.G.M.'s
'INTERRUPTED MELODY'
(in CinemaScope and colour)

Star quality...

REGENCY CREAM SHERRY

by Grant's of St. James's

B. GRANT & CO LTD · 21 BURY ST · ST. JAMES'S · SW1

Lasting entertainment for all ages!

3-D FULL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS "COME TO LIFE"

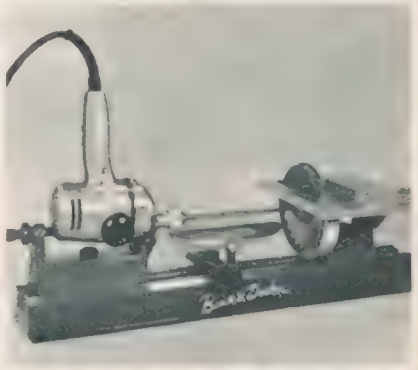
—with breathtaking realism when seen through

VIEW-MASTER

—the original stereoscopic viewer

backed by a library of 3-D picture reels with the widest range of subjects: The Coronation — Animals — Fairy Tales — Educational studies and hobbies—as well as hundreds of Places of interest throughout the world. Each reel contains seven glorious colour photos.

Obtainable from all shops where films and cameras are sold



THE BLACK & DECKER SUPER KIT

Comprising: ¼" Drill, Sander/Polisher, Lathe & Saw Attachments

Yours for **30/-** *Deposit, plus 2/6 post. and pkg.* *Cash Price* **£17.14.3**

and 12 monthly payments of 31/1

Home repairs are easy. Drills up to ¼in. or use Sander, Polisher for floors, furniture, cars, etc., together with Saw and Lathe it has a 1,000 uses. T/V suppressed. Universal.

Write for details or send deposit to

HATHERLEY, (Dept. 28), 134 Uxbridge Rd, London, W.12

sooner or later. What do you think?"

"Likely, very likely," said Dilks.

"Possible," agreed Allaire.

"Now I have two pistols," I said. "One I would like to keep. Who might like the other?"

"Not me," said Allaire. "If I have it, and I lose it, you'll take it out of my pay. Shove it off on Dilks."

I drew the weapon from my boot and handed it to Dilks.

Allaire said: "Ambushers. If they's one thing I can't stomach it's fellers jumping out of the scrub at you, and yelling and shooting."

Mile after mile we pushed on, east by south. The drove road led us through the gloom of smothering forests, over ridges and through flats, across threadlike, hidden valleys. Dilks was always in the van with his ox, Allaire here, there, everywhere, prancing my horse, and I in the rear. As we travelled, each of us, in his own way, watched scrub and fords and gullies for ambush.

The longer Dilks and Allaire travelled together, the greater seemed to grow their hostility for each other.

I watched constantly and alertly for an outbreak between them. Such a flare-up could be a very serious thing, I realized, for these were not schoolboys.

Wild suspicions, too, began to alarm me. Could Allaire, or even Dilks, be involved against me? This was a paralysing thought.

That night at the inn, after we had penned the drove and Allaire had gone to bed, I sought out Dilks. He was in the moonlight before the inn door, smoking one of those cheap, odorous cigars known as "long nines." There was only one way to handle this, and that was outright.

"Have I ever caused you any hurt, Mr. Dilks?" I asked.

He thought this over, and said: "No."

"Are you planning me any hurt?"

The cigar tip waxed red, and waned. "No, William," he said amiably. "I'm a loyal man. To you, and to the drove."

"Is Allaire loyal?" I asked. "I am thinking back to the night at my cousin's tavern, when I took a bath in the sulphur spring, and you taught me a lesson with my money belt. Now, as I consider that lesson, I take it to say: watch out for Allaire—he is dishonest."

"Then you misread the lesson. It said simply that you were careless. It did not say that Mr. Allaire was dishonest. In my opinion, Mr. Allaire is a highly honourable man. According to his lights, that is."

Astounded, I said: "When did this happen? When did you two become friends?"

"Go no farther than my words," said Mr. Dilks. Now his cigar tip glowed and faded with great rapidity. "He is wormwood and gall to me. I can hardly keep my hands off him."

"He goads you," I said.

"Yes," Dilks said placidly. "But I've been goaded before. It's more than that. It's just the cut of the man, I guess."

And the cut of the man, even to me, became more and more insufferable. So intolerable, in fact, that I almost forgot the ambush. . . .

AND then it came. On the third day after we left Jacktown, we slammed into Froggy's trap. And, despite our forewarning, it caught us off guard.

Late in the afternoon it began to drizzle, first coming through the network of trees above us in a clammy vapour and soon changing to rod-like, hard-hitting rain. We were in a district of wooded knobs and knolls. The track narrowed and became rough with outcropping. Before us the road fell downwards in a series of sharply angled turns. Because of the twisting descent I frequently saw the rumps of no more than a half-dozen bullocks.

Suddenly the cattle slowed to a stop. The drove had been halted.

I had my pistol half out of my blouse when Allaire walked the bay into view and said: "There's a creek down below. A shallow ford. A peddler's cart in the middle of it has throwed a wheel. Dilks is helping him get the wheel back on."

"What do you think?" I asked.

"I don't know what to think," said Allaire suddenly grave and friendly. "It could be bad. It could be they got us bottled."

"What place is this?" I asked.

"He says it's Scissors Creek country."

The sound of a shot thudded through the rain, muffled and deep. A shot that hadn't come from Dilks's small pistol.

"They've shot Dilks," Allaire said softly. "Now that was a wicked thing to do."

I was standing directly in front of and against his horse's breast. Suddenly he swung his foot from the stirrup, placed his boot heel against my chest, and pushed. Almost in the same instant the big bay gathered itself, responding beneath his touch and was past me in an avalanche of pounding meat. Half stumbling, I turned.

A man had come out of a rock crevice and was holding an old musket so that its muzzle was scarcely a foot from my ear. He was a vicious squat man in ragged clothes, squint-eyed, with a slimy, pendulous underlip.

One minute he was on the verge of blasting my head off, and the next he was on the ground, skull crushed, neck broken, trampled by Allaire's mount.

I'd never seen such expert horsemanship, or such reckless bravery.

He wheeled the horse about, galloped it down the path. The bay slipped on the mud and rock. Allaire was out of his saddle and down the trail like a shot, on foot. "You're unarmed!" I shouted, but he was out of sight. I followed, my pistol in hand.

BEFORE me was the creek, flat and leaden in the rain. On the far bank was the peddler's cart, repaired, and near it lay Mr. Dilks, on his back in the lush grass. He was motionless and there was blood on his shirt. He was alive all right, but he was shocked.

Two coarse, greasy ruffians bent over him. They were rigid, frozen. One held a fistful of pitiful loot—my father's small pistol, Dilks's purse, his claspknife. Before running off the cattle, they'd loitered for this petty pilfering. Each had a musket stacked against a nearby tree bole. Now they were rigid with astonishment because of Allaire.

He was churning through the water towards them, like a black tornado. He held his dirk low and out, and his ankles flailed the stream, flapping it to foam as he rushed forward.

He roared as he advanced, shouting over and over: "What have they done to you, Mr. Dilks?"

Then the tension broke. The ruffians pounced on their muskets and brought them up into a swinging aim. The nearest, a chubby man in farmer's homespuns, whirled his weapon almost into Allaire's throat. Before our eyes Dilks resurrected himself. He did it by sheer willpower and it was eerie to behold. Joint by joint, he half arose from the earth in an unsteady crouch and threw himself on the chubby man, staggering him.

The second robber, cruel-faced and in the plug hat of a peddler, jumped to one side, in a flanking position. From where I stood on the opposite bank, I shot him through the heart.

The squat man scrambled into the brush and vanished.

So great was my emotion, that I was timid in meeting their eyes.

"We've got a fine crew," I said. And they nodded in agreement.

Somehow from that instant on, the three of us seemed to become closer than brothers.

We bared Dilks's back, and Allaire, who seemed well versed in such things, named it a flesh wound, painful but not overly serious.

Dilks grinned. "What now?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said. "Could you sit in a saddle?"

Allaire was momentarily speechless.

"Of course," he said at last. "Certainly, Mr. Dilks, you may ride my horse."

He paused, then added in a murmur: "Temporarily." THE END

VICTORIA

Continued from page 25

tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Come along, sentimentalist, where is it?"

"Victoria is in the field by the river bridge."

"Victoria, eh? She is a *mare* I've bought from the council, not a ballet-dancer?"

The horse-dealer was immensely pleased with his joke, and the driver in the cab lowered his Sunday paper and laughed, too.

O.K. waited until they were silent and then he answered: "If you call 'Toria' by the gate she will come meekly and quickly."

"Thanks, mate," said the fat horse-dealer. "We'll do just that." Then he stopped and blew ash thoughtfully from his cigar before he went on, "'Toria,' eh? That will be useful to get her near the beams in the shed."

The man went to the lorry then, with a curt nod. O.K. Jones stood on the pavement of the village street until he saw that his shadow was swaying, and then he went into his house. There he changed into his best clothes. From a drawer he took out the gold watch and chain which had been his father's; he draped it across his waistcoat. And from the mattress of his bed he took out a leather belt formed of pouches; from each pouch he took out the £1 and ten-shilling notes which were carefully folded there.

These were his life savings. He had never thought much about what he was saving for; half in his mind had been the hopes of buying some small business when he retired; or travelling; or building a bungalow; or leaving a will directing a very smart funeral for himself. But now, in this time of his new loneliness, he knew why he had been saving all these years. O.K. placed the money in his jacket pockets and hurried to the field by the bridge.

Even as he went over the river, O.K. Jones could hear the ramp of the lorry being lifted and the high back doors being bolted. The lorry was standing in a patch of golden sunlight; the noise of the river as it moved between the old stepping-stones below the bridge was louder than the talking of the two men standing behind the lorry.

Afraid that they might speed away, the old dustman shouted, "Stop! Stop!"

The men looked up. The fat man, smoking a fresh cigar, came slowly towards O.K. Jones.

"You again, sentimentalist?" he called. "I hardly recognized you in the new suit. You'll be glad to hear that she went quietly."

O.K. put his hands in his pockets. "I want to buy from you the mare which is now in the lorry. I have worked with her for all these years and I love her."

"You *love* her?"

At first O.K. feared that the dealer was taunting him, but he could see that the man was serious.

"A man has to have something to love," replied O.K. "Especially an old man like me."

Hearing her master's voice, Victoria gave a whinny from inside the lorry. The horse-dealer had become very quiet. And then he said, quite gently, "You're an odd old cuss."

Seeing that the man was mellowing a little, O.K. dared not make any reply, for fear of a false word.

The horse-dealer went on, "You want to buy her back, do you?"

"I can give you a hundred pounds in cash right now," said O.K.

The man smiled. "A hundred pounds is a lot of money to you, mister?"

"It is," replied O.K.

"There was a time in my life when I would have given my right arm to have had a hundred pounds, mister, but that's not today. Are you married? Have you any children?"

Puzzled by the meaning of the questions, the old dustman shook his head.

"Then you'll not truly understand. But once, when I was young, I was married and I had a little girl. She died because I hadn't a hundred pounds which would have saved her life."

THE man was not speaking bitterly, but his face was shivering with emotion.

Old O.K. knew what now to say. "And you had named her Victoria?"

The name seemed to revive the man to his former character. He straightened up and spoke sharply. "Keep your money. You can have the mare back as a present from me. I'm getting a sentimental old fool myself, but one Victoria dead in my life's enough. Bill——"

He shouted to the man at the front of the lorry, and gave him orders.

"Unload it from the lorry. I've done a deal with this old buzzard."

The horse-dealer puffed at his cigar, went to the cab and sat there. O.K. Jones waited while the man in the overall opened the rear doors, lowered the ramp, and led out Victoria. . . .

The horse and the old dustman watched the lorry until it had quite gone from sight. Then, standing on tiptoes, O.K. Jones spoke right into the ear of Victoria. "You behave yourself. I'm your master and owner now."

Then he turned her loose in the field and took off his jacket and tie. After a few gallops she began to graze quite calmly. With pride of possession, O.K. watched her for a time and then strolled back towards the village.

And as he went with a whistle on his lips towards home and tea, old O.K. felt how simple, yet how well planned life was. To think that a name like Victoria could touch a hard man's heart after many years in a mercenary world.

THE END

Steer the family safely through the winter on the

orange drink with 'Health Power'

Want to enjoy summer fun and fitness *all winter through?* Then give the family Health Power — see to it that they keep up the sensible April-to-August habit of a daily ration of JAFFAJUCE. Now, and for months ahead, with fresh fruit and vegetables scarce and coughs and colds more likely, it's doubly important to make sure of the *real orange juice* that gives you Health Power. And JAFFAJUCE is 80% *real juice containing vitamin C.* Serve it hot or cold, 'neat' or diluted, in any of its three delicious forms — Sweetened Orange, Orange and Pineapple, semi-sweet Breakfast Orange. JAFFAJUCE is the pleasantest, healthiest, highest-quality family drink you can buy. It's 3/9 a bottle — and so worth the little extra. (You can get Sweetened Orange, and Orange and Pineapple in a 3/- size too).

GOLD CUP **Jaffajuce** ORANGE

80% REAL ORANGE JUICE containing Vitamin C

The Sign of your leading Florists

INTERFLORA — WE TELEGRAPH FLOWERS

Look for the famous "Mercury" sign when you Say it with Flowers. Displayed by more than 2,000 British florists, it is your guarantee of the satisfactory delivery of fresh flowers anywhere—anytime.

INTERFLORA

The World wide
FLOWER RELAY SERVICE

A TIFFEE *for Christmas*

Here's a gift to be warmly remembered by! Throughout the years to come, the lucky Tiffee owner can have tea in bed *automatically* every morning at the flick of a switch! And for busy elevenses or lazy TV evenings, the Tiffee is ideal.

Hawkins Amazing value at **79/6d.**

TIFFEE *Please write for details:*

Hawkins of Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

Good Quality

The quality of VP wines has been acknowledged for over 50 years.

Good Value

You can get a bottle of VP wine for as little as 6/-.

Good Choice

There are no less than 9 wines ranging in price from 6/- to 9/6.

VP wine

POINT BRAND

it's a good wine – you'll enjoy it!

RICH RUBY · SWEET WHITE
RICH GOLDEN · OLD BROWN
6/- A BOTTLE

ALSO VP ★★★ THREE STAR WINES **9/6** a bottle

Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

When your stomach is out of order, be quite sure of the cause before you start taking remedies. Work and worry often cause a lot of nervous indigestion, and the only way to end this is to rebuild and restore your nerves.

Unless your diet contains enough Vitamin B your digestion will suffer; you will become headachy, irritable, sleep badly, and show all the signs of a nervous collapse.

Make sure you get enough Vitamin B. Take Phillips Tonic Yeast tablets with your meals. Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B vitamins and Phillips Tonic Yeast is pure yeast in concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast to-day. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is the finest yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients. At all chemists, 1/6, 3/6 and 5/9.

THE FAMOUS "CHALET" IMIGOLD

17 JEWEL LEVER WATERPROOF
Unbreakable Main Spring
12 mths Unconditional GUARANTEE
YOURS FOR CASH £7·7·0 OR 17/6

'CHALET' GENT'S MODEL No. 477: elegant perfect timekeeper, anti-magnetic, stainless steel back, raised figures with luminous hands and dots, real leather strap. Also available in chrome, £6.17.6, 16/6 deposit. Send cash price, £7.7.0 now for immediate attention or 17/6 deposit followed by 8 monthly payments of 17/6. Full money refunded if not delighted. C.O.D. 1/6.

W. D. Morgan & Co. Ltd. FAMOUS FOR WATCHES
Dept. JB3 CHALET HOUSE, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1

"It won't go any other way"

LEBANON LIVES ON ITS WITS

Continued from page 18

war on the traffic. Soldiers are dispatched into the mountains to burn the hashish crop. But there are powerful landlords in the areas where it is grown. They have their methods. It is said that the soldiers burn ten per cent of the crop and harvest the rest. In any event the hashish is grown in with the ordinary hemp and is not easy to detect in the fields.

Any undue censoriousness would, after all, consort ill with the Lebanese spirit—the spirit of tolerance. "You can do anything you wish in Lebanon," beamed the press director, and added, as an afterthought, "and we have the most beautiful taxis in the world."

As soon as I crossed the frontier I became aware of a radical change of atmosphere. As he took my passport at the entry point on the road from Syria, the immigration officer offered me an American cigarette, enunciated "How—are—you?" with care, and apologized in French for being unable to address me in English.

It was the authentic Lebanese touch.

Lebanon's sharp wits and suave manners are not employed in commerce alone. For so small a state, Lebanon engages in an immense amount of diplomatic activity. When I was in Ankara all the main streets and buildings were draped with the Lebanese red-and-white flag with the spreading green cedar in the middle. Turkish schoolchildren in their black white-collared smocks lined the streets, waving more flags as the President of Turkey, Celal Bayar, drove by with the President of Lebanon, Camille Chamoun, a handsome, white-haired figure, at his side.

TURKEY had just concluded a treaty (which Persia, Pakistan and Britain later joined) with the Arab League state, Iraq. The other League states were furious at this betrayal of their cherished detachment from the power blocs. When the President of Lebanon, herself an Arab League state, returned home, a great deal of explaining had to be done, particularly to Syria and Egypt. But the Lebanese are very good at explaining. They have cast themselves for the rôle of interpreter and troubleshooter between the Arabs and the West. They are quite determined to make good in the part.

They may well do so; for they are no less excellently equipped for their political than for their commercial brokerage. In population half Moslem, half Christian, Lebanon has been in regular contact with the West since the days of the Crusades. The first French schools were opened in Lebanon in the seventeenth century. Yet, as an Arab nation, Lebanon's credentials are unimpeachable. Beirut, in the eighties, was the birthplace of Arab nationalism, and Lebanese Christians played a leading part in this renaissance.

And still today this small but beautiful country—120 miles long by thirty to thirty-five miles wide—is the centre of intellectual cross-fertilization for all the Middle East. From all over the Arab world students travel to Lebanon's innumerable schools, run by teachers of a score of nationalities and denominations. Graduates from A.U.B. —the American University of Beirut—missionary-founded in 1866, are today leaders of progressive movements in every Arab nation. And there are now no fewer than three universities in Beirut—the American, the French and the Lebanese.

IT is not, of course, quite so idyllic as it sounds. Lebanon, though seeking to bridge the gaps between East and West, has not yet been entirely successful in plastering over the cracks in her own internal structure. It is, admittedly, a formidable task. For, because Mount Lebanon became down the years a refuge from Ottoman and other persecution, the country is today the home of an extraordinary assortment of ancient churches and sects—and political representation is arranged on a sectarian basis.

Thus, the Beirut district, at present divided into five constituencies, altogether sends to Parliament seven deputies who must be composed as follows: one Armenian Orthodox, one Greek Orthodox, one Maronite, two Sunni Moslems, one Shia Moslem, one representative of minorities (Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews and others). In the same way, by a gentleman's agreement, the President of the Republic is always a Maronite, the Prime Minister a Sunni Moslem, and the President of the Chamber of Deputies a Shia Moslem. There is always a Druse in the Cabinet.

This gives a very slight idea of the extraordinary complication of the parliamentary picture.

On the whole, the system works somewhat more smoothly than Syria's, but still pretty shakily. Both merchant princes and "feudal" landlords contrive, in their various ways, to get a good grip on the reins. It is by no means unknown for votes to be bought; prices, it is said, range from £1 to £5. Since there is no civil service code, votes not paid for on the nail may be settled later with jobs. Under the last president, corruption reached such a height that a bloodless *putsch* was organized against him, triggered by a general strike and an attack in his newspaper by Kamal Jumblatt, Druse leader of the 10,000-strong socialist party.

Kamal Jumblatt, a tall, detached

Time to think of gifts!

Sharps gay gift tins—
why not try one now?

Sharps the word for Toffee

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD. of MAIDSTONE, KENT. *The Toffee Specialists*

A2-1

Nasty cough?

"Archie won't allow it," *says* Peter Brough

IF PETER BROUGH has a cough, Archie suffers too. Without Brough's voice, Archie doesn't exist. And without Archie, there's no show.

So, like many other stars whose livelihood depends upon their voices, Peter Brough takes MAC Throat Sweets. Not only at the first signs of irritation, but often before. Because MACs are not only a wise precaution, they are a pleasant one.

If you've a cough or a sore throat, ask your chemist for MAC Throat Sweets. They are so safe that children, too, can take them freely.

The medical reasons why MACs work

MACs kill dangerous, infectious germs because they contain Amyl-Meta-Cresol, a powerful germicide many times as strong as pure Phenol (R.W. Co-efficient 250).

MACs lubricate the throat and freshen the mouth because they contain camphor, pure sugar and tincture of Tolu.

MACs help to reduce swelling and irritation of the passages where catarrh lurks, because they contain Menthol : you inhale it as the sweet dissolves.

MAC BRAND
ANTISEPTIC
THROAT SWEETS

1/MS/55

To look YOUNGER and live LONGER

everyone over 35 should take *extra* Vitamins and Minerals

—ADVISE WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHORITIES

VITAMINS and minerals prevent and correct many everyday ailments. They are the *vital* substances we must have in our diet, but a proportion of which is often lost by modern cooking methods.

THAT IS WHY VYKMIN Vitamin-Mineral Capsules are prescribed to prevent and correct conditions so often due to vitamin-mineral deficiency, such as faulty circulation, frequent colds, periodic digestive upsets, skin disorders, general weakness and debility, undue tiredness, and other minor complaints.

The daily dosage of VYKMIN'S eight life-giving vitamins A, B_1, B_2, B_6, C, D, E, and PP (Nicotinamide), will ensure you an adequate supply of vitamins. It is based upon the recognized published standards of leading world health authorities.

This daily dosage includes the minerals Calcium, Phosphorus, Iron and Manganese.

Remember VYKMIN Vitamin-Mineral Capsules contain not just 1 or 2 vitamins but 8 vitamins and 4 minerals found in large quantities of cod and halibut liver oil, wholewheat flour, yeast, treacle, yoghourt, milk, eggs, meat, fish, fruit and vegetables—when uncooked.

VYKMIN is especially efficacious for children as well as people over 35.

A DAILY dosage of

Vykmin

VITAMIN-MINERAL CAPSULES

assures your body's VITAMIN and MINERAL needs!

Obtainable at Chemists:

2 WEEKS' SUPPLY 4/9; 1 MONTH'S SUPPLY 8/9; ECONOMY FAMILY SIZE, 2 MONTHS' SUPPLY, 16/-

ASTOUNDING VALUE FOR JOHN BULL READERS!

Best Children's Book Ever!

CHILDREN'S WONDER BOOK IN COLOUR (No. 3)

ORDER NOW FOR XMAS!

IDEAL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS AGED 8 TO 12

HERE is a wonder book indeed! A children's book that is *excitingly different*—the most beautiful, colourful, fascinating ever published at so low a price! The perfect "special" present for boys and girls of 8-12 years. 192 extra-large pages (12 in. x 9 in.), 96 in gorgeous, breath-taking full-colour gravure. Over 200 wonderful colour and black-and-white drawings by brilliant artists. Over 40 enthralling features—grand long stories by favourite authors, fascinating "how-it-works" and nature features, comic strips, puzzles, games, etc. Well-known contributors include Alison Utley, Rose Fyleman, Barbara Euphan Todd, Ellison Hawks. *Astounding VALUE that can never be repeated!* Hurry!—make sure of yours today! Standard Edition, bookcloth, 12/6, or superb De Luxe, beautiful leathercloth, at nominal extra cost of only 1/6. Prices include postage, etc.

ACT NOW! Fill in form and post in 1½d. stamped, unsealed envelope to **Dept. J. 21, Odhams Press Ltd., 5 Dryden Street, London, W.C.2.** Offer applies U.K., Eire only, closes Nov. 28.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

WITHOUT OBLIGATION reserve me **"Children's Wonder Book in Colour No. 3"** and send Invoice with **100 per cent Guarantee—Full Satisfaction or No Charge.**

Cross out edition **NOT** required: STANDARD DE LUXE

BLOCK LETTERS

.....NAME

Full Postal

.....ADDRESS

Firmly affix 1½d. stamp *in margin* J21. 12.11.55

PAY ONLY IF PLEASED!

Odhams "Full Satisfaction or No Charge" Guarantee protects YOU. Send the order NOW

Nearly 200 BIG PAGES

including nearly

100 PAGES IN FULL COLOUR

Over 200 PICTURES

OVER 40 FEATURES BY FAMOUS WRITERS AND ARTISTS

GRAND LONG STORIES

Special Features inc.: The Story of Jet Propulsion. Giant Eye of Palomar—wonders of the 200-in. telescope. How Tunnels Are Made. Some Strange Animals.

You can afford it!

the BIG Xmas present!

they'll love it—

just like the real thing!

petite
TYPEWRITERS

Exciting to use, beautifully designed and strongly made—a *real engineering job*—the *petite* will give hours of fun to youngsters up to 85! Full instructions go with each *petite*, which bears the makers' guarantee.

ARNOLD ROAD, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND

£7.19.6

See them at your stores & toyshops

In case of difficulty contact us direct for your nearest stockist.

High salary teachers
Thank Smiths *Four Ace Features*

AUTOMATIC RESET

TESTED AT EVERY STAGE OF PRODUCTION

FULLY GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR

QUALITY BUILT FOR DURABILITY

GORDON
In Ivory, Green, Blue or Bordeaux case. Black figures, polished bezel. 20/-. From leading jewellers everywhere.

A 'SMITHS OF ENGLAND' PRODUCT

SMITHS ALARMS

RULE THE ROOST

IN EVERY 'WAKE' OF LIFE

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., SECTRIC HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.2

The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

and ascetic intellectual, is one of the few political leaders of principle and integrity. He is a rich man, chief of his Druse clan, but twice he has divided his estates to give the peasants their own holdings. He told me that he believes a law should be enacted enabling the peasants to buy at least half their village and so gain freedom of action. But because of the complicated sectarian system cutting across political development, the socialist party makes small progress and many of its members are Druses attached to it by loyalty to their chief.

PARTY organization, in fact, tends to be frowned upon by the orthodox Lebanese politician. It might shake the apple-cart—and the apples are very nicely, but rather precariously, stacked. As things stand, the President of the Republic is in firm control of the shafts. And so through him—since he is a Maronite—is the Maronite community. This is justified by the 1932 census which revealed a Christian majority in Lebanon of fifty-five per cent. But there are many who say this is no longer true. The Moslem birth-rate is higher; and it is the Christians who emigrate. Yet no one is over-anxious for another census.

"Another census?" a Lebanese said to me, shaking his head at the very thought. "Ah, no! *Pas d'histoires!* Let sleeping dogs lie!"

That, it seemed to me, might very well be taken as the national motto. For the average Lebanese, looking around the fanatical Middle East, feels that he has in Lebanon something rather precious. Like the Belgian economist, his cry is likely to be: "I don't know how it works. But it's wonderful. *Don't touch it!*"

"We in Lebanon," pronounced the government's press director, "are a cocktail. Many unusual drinks have been mixed up to make it. But the taste has been rather nice—so far."

I talked to two leading Moslem politicians. Both said that, of course, they would like to see Lebanon united with their fellow Arabs and co-religionists across the frontier. "But not," they added decisively, "until the last Christian has come to agree. Not even"—one added—"if it takes five hundred years."

Nevertheless, deep below the easy-going surface of Lebanese life run sharp currents of bigotry and fear. One of the country's biggest political organizations—it claims 40,000 registered members—is the *Phalanges*, a movement dedicated to maintaining Lebanon's identity against the threat of absorption by the surrounding Moslem nations. Its members belong mainly to the ancient Maronite church, today in communion with Rome, but still having its own rite in Syriac and Arabic. For many years the Maronites were under the special protection of the French. They are often French educated and more French in their thinking than Arab.

I talked with the leader of the *Phalanges*, Pierre Gemayal, in a small room behind his Beirut chemist's shop. There was a white X-ray machine on one side and, on the opposite wall, an immense map of the world, studded with red spots. "*Expansion Libanaise*," said the lettering underneath. Each dot represented a Lebanese colony and they extended all the way from China to Peru. There were, I noted, red dots on Manchester, Leicester, Loughborough and London.

I asked Gemayal, a tall, keen-faced man, where his *Phalanges* had branches. "*Partout!*" he said. "Throughout the entire world! You see we Lebanese, too, have our empire. You British built your empire by armed force. But the Lebanese built their empire on intelligence, talent and industry."

He launched then into a discourse which was eloquent, impassioned, and excellently suited to the French language in which it was delivered. It was full of resounding abstractions involving the soul of the nation, the Rights of Man and the religion of universal humanism.

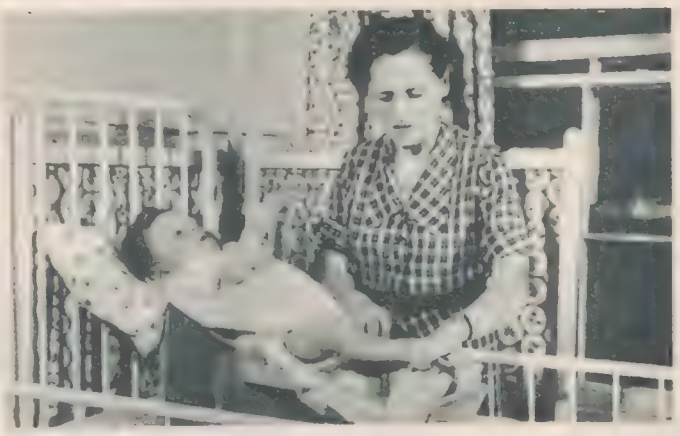
"In six thousand years of history," he cried, "Lebanon has never denied its mission and its heritage. It is of both Orient and Occident, but it must fail in its mission if it is absorbed by either. We are for liberty—liberty of thought, of speech, of commerce, of the spirit—of everything."

IT seemed to me that most Lebanese were indeed in agreement with these sentiments, although possibly they would have cast them in a less exalted form. But they do not always say so—for politically, these are dangerous thoughts. Before the war the Lebanese liked to call themselves "Phoenicians"; now, as good Arab League members, the official line through all communities is "All Arabs together."

"Now look," said the press director benevolently, "I'm a Greek Orthodox and he's a Sunni Moslem. He's my friend. I go to his house, he comes to mine. Do you see any difference between us?"

A few hours later, a Greek Orthodox girl said to me with some force: "I wouldn't marry a Moslem if he were the last man on earth." The whole way of living and thinking, she said, was

The Babies Hospital makes mother a nurse



When her baby was ill, Mrs. Maidstone went to hospital too. "We like mothers to know what we're doing," said the doctor. . . . Don Everitt's human article appears

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

totally different. Yet, she admitted, more and more Christian girls *were* marrying Moslem men in Beirut. Since the Koran concedes no independence to women, the Moslem community had little objection to such marriages. But should a Moslem girl marry a Christian man, there might be terrible trouble. For this is seen as a betrayal of the Faith. The children would be infidels! Moslem fathers have been known to shoot their daughters to save them from such a fate.

And outside the sophisticated Westernized world of Beirut, the cleavage is complete. Small as Lebanon is, it is partitioned between several utterly different ways of life. The Christians are centred mainly upon Mount Lebanon itself, the area of the original "asylum" state delimited under the Ottoman empire and placed under a Christian governor under the protection of seven European powers.

COMING from Syria over the brown bones of the anti-Lebanon range and the comparative prosaicness of the Bekaa—the long narrow plain that divides the two ranges—Mount Lebanon bursts upon the traveller much as the Promised Land must have done upon the Children of Israel after their wanderings in the wilderness. It is a smiling mountain, green and fertile and studded with villages and trees. The rain clouds, coming in across the sea, empty themselves upon Lebanon. There is rain all the year round: a boon indeed in these parts.

From Tripoli, a pleasant and spacious white town, deeply girdled by citrus and olive groves, spread beneath its massive old Crusader castle on its hilltop, I made a journey one day up through Mount Lebanon to the village of Becharré, beyond which, at six thousand feet, survive one of the few remaining groves of the cedars which furnished the keels for the Phoenicians' ships and the beams for King Solomon's Temple.

I found myself travelling through mountain scenery which somehow held more echoes of Europe—the Swiss or Austrian Alps perhaps—than I encountered anywhere else in the Middle East. The air was cool, the sky for some of the time overcast. It even rained. The villages were solidly built in stone, the houses workmanlike and well-kept, their orange-red tiled roofs making gay splashes of colour against the green of the mountainsides. The mountainsides were terraced, a gigantic staircase, often right to the top. And, above 2,500 feet, there are apple trees—Starke's Earliest and Golden Delicious.

The holdings are small—two or three acres generally. But every family has its own house And each summer the people moving up from Beirut to enjoy the cool of the mountains—not to mention the foreign tourists—bring in extra money. It is a modest but sufficient prosperity.

As we ran through the streets of Zghorta I saw that the shops were shuttered, the houses empty. The people were away living in Ehden, their "other" village up the mountain, where they cultivate the apples, wheat and potatoes of their summer fields. When the potatoes were safely in the ground in the autumn, the shutters would go up in Ehden, and back to Zghorta the people would go to attend to their olive groves.

This habit of two-level living, of moving up and down the mountain with the seasons, is deeply engrained in the Lebanese. Many Beirut business men keep a second home in "their" village up the mountain, motoring up there each evening during the hot summer months after office work is over. The mountain road climbs steeply from Beirut. In twenty minutes in a car good at hills one can effect a complete change of climate.

The excellent asphalted road wound steadily upwards, climbing towards Becharré. Looking over its edge as the car swung round the innumerable bends, I gazed down into deep green valleys, dotted with orange-red roofs, contoured by miles of narrow and meticulous terracing. Sometimes there would be shrines by the roadside, and

Must your new trousers live in the past?

Make no mistake, you're behind the times if you don't have a 'Lightning' zip front on your new pair of trousers. Men in step with the times *insist* on a 'Lightning' zip front because it's so neat, so smooth . . . so reliable! Make sure *your* next pair of trousers has a 'Lightning' zip front. You'll appreciate its practical advantages.

LIGHTNING

the reliable zip

ICI LIGHTNING FASTENERS LTD., BIRMINGHAM
(A subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.)
LF 221

New this month!

DINKY TOYS
No. 132 Packard Convertible
All the character of this roomy, typically-American automobile is captured in the finely-detailed Dinky Toys model, which is fitted with driver and moulded plastic windscreen. Available in light green or cream, with red seating. Length 4½" Price 4/6 (inc. tax).

DINKY TOYS
No. 107 Sunbeam Alpine Sports Car
For styling and performance, the Sunbeam Alpine is outstanding. It has an impressive record of success in International events. Outstanding, too, is this excellent Dinky Toys model with driver, windscreen and competition number discs. There is a choice of colours—cerise or light blue. Length 3¾" Price: 3/11 (inc. Tax).

★ *Read the Meccano Magazine, the finest non-fiction monthly for boys. Write to the Editor for a free sample copy.*

Keep on collecting DINKY TOYS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LTD., BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13

LUXURY *electric*
SHAVING
at a sensible price –

All that you expect in the highest-grade electric shaver, but priced without extravagance. Real luxury shaving with a luxury instrument—in fact, the perfect gift to give or receive. A masterpiece of Swiss precision engineering with surgical steel shaving head, self-sharpening cutters, streamlined shape, balanced weight.

For A. C. mains. No radio or T.V. interference.

See and try it at your Chemist's, Electrical Dealer, Hairdresser or Store. If any difficulty, write:- Pifco, Ltd., 39 Pifco House, Manchester, 4. Makers of the PIFCO MASSAGER, HAIRDRYER, INFRA-RED AND SUNLAMPS.

PIFCO ELECTRIC *Shaver*

-only 81/6

Other FRY favourites are: PUNCH · CRUNCHIE

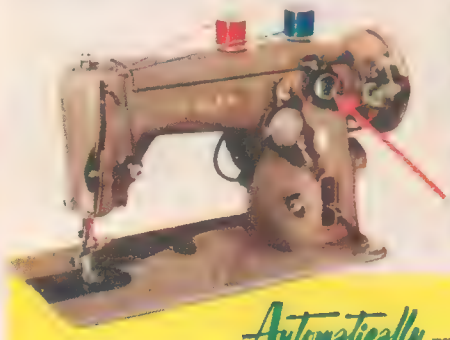
★ COUNTLESS SEWING EFFECTS,
ALL *Automatically* YOURS
. . . ON THE **SINGER 306**
Swing-Needle MACHINE !

Swing over to 'Swing-Needle' sewing and give sophistication and individuality to your clothes and home furnishings. Yes, the Singer 306 Swing-Needle Machine enables you to obtain effects and do styles of sewing, normally taking hours of hand work by an experienced needlewoman, in next to no time!

The fashionable evening gown was made by the lady it adorns. The net was joined and the lace-edging applied by zig-zag stitch. She even made the flowers herself with wire corded edges, adding their leaves by appliqué and then sparkling the dress by attaching sequins—all on her 306. Taking quite an inexpensive pair of gloves she sewed on the frilling with zig-zag stitch, made buttonholes and machined on the buttons.

Her irreproachable table is enhanced by satin stitch embroidered mats with scallop corded edges. The table napkins too owe their monograms and corded edges to the versatile swing-needle.

The secret behind all these sewing effects is the machine that thinks for itself just put on the appropriate fashion disc and the Singer 306 does the rest automatically!



Automatically produces an infinite variety of sewing techniques and stitching for clothing and furnishings; does fashion stitching, zig-zag stitching, appliqué, scalloping, twin needle two colour stitching, blind stitching, hemming, embroidery, shell edging and cording: makes buttonholes and sews on the buttons; does mending jobs and darning . . . and all normal sewing quicker, easier, better!

★ *Ask the Singer Girl to show you the complete range of lightweight sewing machines, and especially the 306, at your Singer Sewing Centre . . . All available on H.P. terms.*

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY LIMITED, SINGER BUILDING, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

It's The Custom . . . in FENNY STRATFORD

The Fenny Poppers. They have been heard at Olney, twelve miles away

The vicar fires the first Popper

WHEN they fired the Poppers a few years back, the Vicar of Fenny Stratford and his churchwardens accidentally blew some pieces of stained glass from the windows of the north transept of the parish church of St. Martin. "We used only the usual amount of gunpowder," says Alfred Duffield, a fifty-seven year old choir-man. "But the Poppers must have been too close to the walls."

The Fenny Poppers are six tiny iron cannons. They look like quart beer tankards, stand about a foot high, and have large handles and touch holes.

Each year on St. Martin's Day (November 11) the Poppers are filled with gunpowder and paper—which are rammed down with a mallet—and fired in the churchyard. The vicar, Canon Cyril Wheeler, touches off the first Popper with a red-hot iron. He is followed by the churchwardens, invited guests, and parishioners.

Salvoes are fired at noon, at two o'clock, and at four. A pound of gunpowder lasts the afternoon.

"Poppers is a misnomer," says a local woman. "The noise is dreadful."

The original Poppers (replaced ninety years ago) were first fired after St. Martin's was built in 1730. Dr. Browne Willis, the Lord of the Manor, sponsored the building. In his will, he directed that St. Martin's Day should be marked yearly by a sermon (for which the preacher was to be paid a guinea), a dinner for the parishioners, and the discharge of guns.

About thirty years ago, one vicar decided that the Poppers were too small. He substituted two army mortars. They did so much damage that the Poppers were quickly restored.

During the past two centuries the Poppers have marked many famous events. When Queen Victoria died in 1901 they were fired in an eighty-one gun salute. It was heard clearly at Olney, twelve miles away.

often the orange roofs would cluster around a church steeple. For here is the heart of the Maronite community.

There are substantial schools, too, in these villages. Among the Maronites the demand for education is fierce. Its effects, unfortunately, have often been merely to make the village youth no longer content with the simple life of the mountain. They go down to swell the unemployed of Beirut and to provide a promising field of endeavour for Communism's alert missionaries.

Bacharré lies at the head of the road. Beyond, there is nothing but a hotel or two, a group of furnished stone bungalows rented to skiers in the winter and holiday-makers in the summer—and the cedars, a dark clump of four hundred survivors, encircled by the white stone line of Queen Victoria's Wall. The Queen provided the funds for the wall when she learned, to her distress, that the last of the Biblical cedars were in peril. Now, new saplings are growing near the two thousand year old giants. But they are still puny: at six feet, a cedar of Lebanon is already two hundred years old. A seedling, four inches high, puts down roots a yard deep. For all the efforts of the Lebanon Forestry Department, it will be quite some time before Mount Lebanon is again clothed in cedars.

An old man, making souvenir boxes and ash-trays from fallen boughs in a small shop by the roadside, asserted that the oldest of the cedars was six thousand years old. He pointed out one of the giants.

"*Le drapeau*," he said. The flag. It was the cedar from which the tree that fills the centre of Lebanon's national flag had been copied.

"*L'argent*," said the old man, pointing to another tree. I took a coin from my pocket and saw that the exact hang and shape of the boughs had been followed. Certainly no nation can have a worthier or more evocative national symbol.

MOUNT LEBANON, rising from the coast of "Phoenicia," is a world in itself. South and north and in the Bekaa plain behind, life reverts to the patterns more normal in the Middle East. The peasants are Moslems, often sharecroppers, owing loyalty to a landlord whose domains may not be large by European standards, but whose authority is great if not absolute.

"Down there," the sophisticates of Beirut tell one scornfully, "they kiss the hand. They kiss their lord's hand."

Around Tyre men work in the citrus and banana groves for six or seven shillings a day, the women for less than 2s. 6d. In the scores of poverty-stricken villages in the arid hills, peasants pathetically scratch the ground to produce SI all crops of grain on their tiny plots of arable land. There is little irrigation. Agricultural aid is slight.

More and more, faced by so meagre an existence, men are drifting from the villages to seek an ampler livelihood—often vainly—among the chromium-plated splendours of Beirut which, with 600,000 inhabitants, already holds half the country's population. The dangers of this situation are only too obvious. I found a shop window in Tyre suggestively full of Communist tracts and portraits of Lenin and Mao Tse-tung. "*Sovietique*, very good," observed a customer, emerging.

But there are signs that the government is awakening at last to a realization that Lebanon is a country as well as a shop. An Agricultural Credit Bank started operations this year. In the south a beginning is now being made on the Litani River project which will irrigate 50,000 more acres and step up the nation's power output four or five times.

But in thinking of Lebanon, one must consider not only the gigantic cash register that is Beirut, not only the Arcadian simplicities of Mount Lebanon, nor the feudal backwardness of other remoter areas. One must consider this extraordinary mélange as a whole; one must seek its essence.

And, having done so, it is hard not to agree with Pierre Gemayal when he talked so eloquently of Lebanon having a "mission." It is hard not to agree with someone else who, adapting an epigram, asserted that if Lebanon had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent it

With the highest standard of living in the Middle East, with a literacy rate of eighty-five per cent, a thriving press in three languages, and a constant public debate ranging over all the issues of the area, with its women, unveiled and alert, playing an active part in its public life, this small country remains both a stimulus and a sounding board for the whole Arab world.

Under the influence of Lebanese urbanity, of the benign Lebanese sun and the old Lebanese tradition of tolerance, tensions which elsewhere in the Arab world would mount to breaking point can here find harmless release. Most of all, standing between East and West, knowing both intimately of old, Lebanon can educate Europe in the mysteries of Asia and deliver Asia, perhaps, from some of its fears and suspicions of the West.

YET, before she can fulfil this mission to the full, Lebanon must finally purge the fears and suspicions that run deep below the smooth surface of her own national life; must complete and open for full traffic the bridge she has already begun to build between the Christian and the Moslem worlds.

There is no more important task in the world: yet progress is likely to be slow. For today that bridge is being torn down at one end as rapidly as it is built up at the other.

As one stands on the edge of the old abandoned Egyptian harbour of Tyre, one can see a line of ancient pillars running away beneath the water. Following the line of these pillars, looki to the southward, one picks out, a few miles away along the coast, a square white block against the green. It is the Lebanese Customs House. A few miles beyond begins Palestine, of which Lebanon was once almost a part. But now Palestine is Israel. Beyond the Customs House is No Man's Land.

As the eye travels back towards the jutting promontory of Tyre it is halted for a moment by a scatter of white flecking the hillside. It is a camp of refugees; they have been sitting there for seven years now, looking across the frontier to their lost lands and villages.

Everywhere one goes in the Arab Middle East today one meets these refugees. Their shacks and mud-huts crowd each other under the walls of Damascus. They fill every cranny in the ruins of the Jewish quarter of Old Jerusalem; their tents climb the barren hillsides above Bethlehem. Under Egyptian administration, they sit in the sands of the Gaza strip; under the Jordanian Government, they occupy vast camps in the desert near Jericho.

Their accusing finger is inescapable. They have replenished the Arab cup of bitterness and keep it brimming over. And it is a bitterness directed not so much against the Jews, who are merely the enemy, as against the West and, in particular, Great Britain, the friend who betrayed them and could—they still believe—save them even now if she would.

THE END

NEXT WEEK: Harry Hopkins inspects the world's most troubled frontier

This Christmas your home has room for a

REMINGTON

PORTABLE

A family present for a family occasion; a Remington to speed everyone's writing-tasks for years to come.

EASY TO OWN Ask your local dealer about easy terms on the New Quiet-riter (£32: 10: 0 with Miracle Tab) and the Letter-riter (£30: 10: 0 without tab).

REMINGTON

wonderful portable typewriters

COUGHING? But why?—when **Zubes** can soothe the irritation. Pleasant tasting as sweets, **Zubes** get right down to the business of soothing away sore throats, hoarseness, coughing. Buy a tin of **Zubes** at 9d. or 1/5d.—that is the answer.

HOARSE? Go suck a ZUBE

ZUBES

Pay 2,500 Gns. for a pedigree "Cherry Blossom" —and then neglect it?

Hardly likely! This Aberdeen-Angus Heifer—one of the prize-winning "Cherry Blossom" family bred by Mr. J. B. Crockatt of Peebles—is given the care and attention deserving of a thoroughbred. "Cherry Blossom" is pedigree through and through; so is the shoe polish which has made the name world-famous. Its superfine waxes, dyes and oils feed and preserve the leather and quickly impart a brilliant shine. So give your thoroughbred shoes the attention *they* deserve—a daily dressing with Cherry Blossom.

THE PEDIGREE POLISH

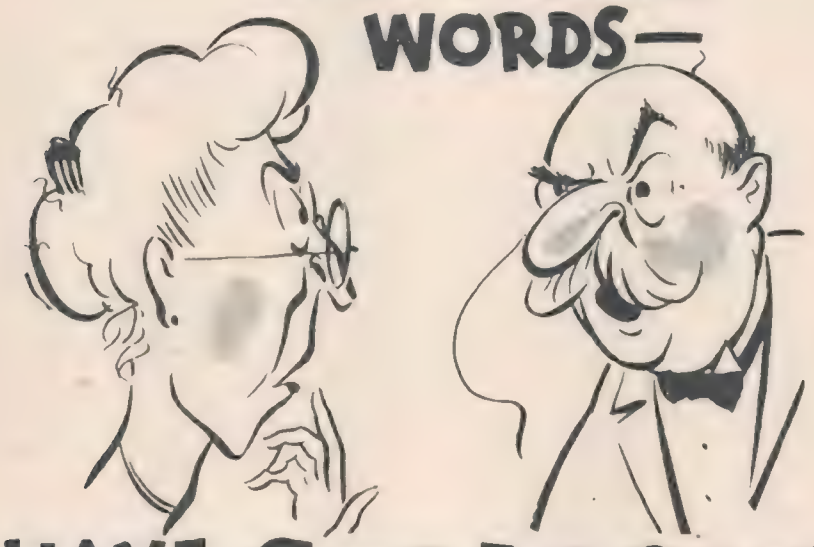
CHERRY BLOSSOM SHOE POLISH

The price is in your favour.

Tonette, Light Brown, Ox-blood, White, Black, and Dark Tan

Dark brown shoes need Tonette or Dark Tan

DONT HAVE WORDS—



HAVE SCRABBLE

The LAST WORD in GAMES

Scrabble gives endless pleasure to hundreds of thousands in Britain already. There is nothing quite like it. It challenges the most astute gamester, yet children just able to spell may play too.
Two, three or four players form interlocking words, crossword fashion, using highly finished letter tiles, with various score values. Each player competes for highest score by using his letters to take best advantage of letter values and premium squares on the board. 19/6

You'll play it in the end – why not NOW.

Available at good toy shops, stationers and departmental stores. If your dealer cannot supply, write for address of nearest stockist to:—

J. W. SPEAR & SONS, LTD. Dept. (JB), Enfield, Middx.

STEADY BARKER!

Continued from page 23

depths I might sink. My heart was fair game. It was always rather a dangerous heart to its owner, as it never really acquired the art of taking love lightly. Surrounded by such concentrated femininity, there was no knowing what irretrievable commitment it might let me in for.

I had known young men of my age starting in this difficult profession to get so far entangled with intelligent faces with commanding eyes that they actually got married, and regretted it for the rest of their lives.

Just supposing, for example, I were to come back to the Windmill, get thrown into the company of a girl like this new one in the chorus, become enamoured, be encouraged and get caught on the hook.

That would be the end of me. It was too horrible to think about. I had already found myself asking Ken Bandy, the front of the house manager, who she was.

"A new sixteen-year-old," he said. "Up from Liverpool. Pearl Hackney."

I went out to get my car as the night life of London began its heady swirl. I was twenty-one and averaging about £20 a week. The Oxford Repertory Theatre had offered me £4. I stopped by the pillarbox in Piccadilly Circus, had one last look round at the lights, and posted my letter of acceptance firmly. I had given up the snares of the world of light entertainment for ever.

The old Oxford Repertory Theatre was formerly a natural history museum. This may have had its influence upon the director, Stanford Holme, who conducted rehearsals with tame rabbits hopping about the auditorium and tame pigeons wheeling round in the roof.

I went down there for the Christmas pantomime—*Dick Whittington*. Like most small repertory pantomimes it was an uneasy compromise between inexperienced slapstick and repertory niceness. Performers who had spent a season under the stern auspices of Ibsen welcomed pantomime as an excuse to whoop rather indiscriminately and get rid of their high spirits.

This, of course, does not make a good pantomime.

The book was a very old Victorian one all in rhyming couplets. I found myself cast for a rough, hearty sea captain. Here, in addition to my being neither hearty nor particularly rough, I found my spectacles a problem as I cannot see more than a foot in front of my nose without them. So I had lace cuffs put on my ornate uniform, and played him as an effeminate sea captain, spectacles and all.

THE dame was Michael Martin Harvey who, until then, had specialized in classical dancing; but he turned to with a will and fairly walloped the part of Mrs. Whittington home. He never stopped whooping and flashing his skirts up to show his red flannel drawers. Perhaps he tried too hard, for the part did not really go, and after a few days he wrote to his famous father, Sir John, begging him to come and give his advice.

One Thursday afternoon we hardly dared look at the front row, for there sat the famous actor, lightly and enigmatically putting the tips of his fingers together. He did not come round to see Michael after the performance, and we shared the latter's foreboding. The next day, however, a letter arrived on very good writing paper addressed in violet ink and Sir John's flourishing hand.

It was a brief one and said simply:

My dear Michael,

Surely you realize that in pantomime it is never safe to be up off your backside for more than two minutes at a time.

Love and good luck,

Father.

This made a new man of Michael. Not only did he whoop and show his drawers. He now fell on them repeatedly at less than two-minute intervals, with a cymbal crash from our four-piece orchestra to mark each occasion; and sure enough this made all the difference to the pantomime. Business improved steadily from that day.

I LOVED Oxford. Undergraduate friends from my schooldays were just finishing their last year, and I frequently lunched with them, both in the town and the colleges. The cafés were full of young men with smooth faces, smoking cherrywood pipes very self-consciously, and all passing loud, scathing opinions on everyone and everything. I, a contemporary already earning my own living, felt enormously superior to them and sometimes rather old.

The pantomime finished, and we did a Barry play, and *Fresh Fields* by Ivor Novello, and then Stanford said he would like to do a new play. "Why not mine?" I suggested with characteristic modesty, and he asked me to read it to him. It was called *Now In Town* and had only four characters.

It was not a particularly good or bad play in its script form, but Stanford made a cardinal error by casting me for the chief rôle. Give me two minutes as an aesthetic sea captain, or five minutes, top weight, doing impressions, and I could just about hold out. Put me on for a whole evening, and you were asking for real trouble. Stanford got it.

The first night was not a noteworthy one, apart from the presence *en bloc* of my family circle. Their numbers certainly helped. Then about five minutes after the play had started, the current President of the Oxford University Dramatic Society arrived.

The President of the O.U.D.S. is no end of a big noise in his own immediate circle, and this particular one continued to make quite a lot off his own bat. There was a minor entourage with him, and together they all talked throughout the evening, as if in competition with the actors on the stage, without any perceptible lowering of their considerable voices.

This was trying, and not least to my family, who were sitting so close to them that the play took second place. I always remember my sister being more concerned with the fact that they all looked as though they wanted a good wash.

The week was not a success. While there were those who liked the play, there were far more who weren't prepared to see if they liked it or not, this latter section comprising the majority of the population of Oxford.

I had visualized a few weeks previously, when debating whether or not to accept Stanford Holme's offer, that if I got bored with the place after a time, I would resign. As it happened I was not given the chance. Stanford took me into his confidence in the pub next door on the Thursday of the offending week, and said: "You have talent for revue or something, but not for here." And that was that. I was sacked—I, who had given up my £20

With the Foreign Legion

"Nothing To Lose," Colin John's story of his five years as a legionnaire appears soon as a JOHN BULL book condensation. Order your copy *now*

TO NEWSAGENT OR BOOKSTALL : PLEASE DELIVER/RESERVE JOHN BULL EVERY WEEK

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

"May I borrow two eggs, eight ounces flour, four ounces dried fruit, half a cup of milk, pinch of salt . . . ?"

a week to come and do these people a favour.

What should I tell everyone? I had already decided to tell Arcana that I had got bored with it. It did so happen that I was finding £4 a week at this stage a real embarrassment after the fleshpots, so the story would hold water.

I bought myself a new lounge suit, had a pair of shoes and a shirt made in Bond Street, bought a hat in St. James's and prepared to return to the money marts.

WHAT my conceit had not permitted me to take into account was the simple fact that the money marts might not want me. And thus it was. Arcana, adroit saleswoman though she was at getting me into places for the first time, found it another job altogether when she tried to push me back where I had been already.

She did not try the Windmill because I felt that would be eating humble pie too much after all the flourish I had made about leaving.

"It's largely your own fault," Arcana said, and there was truth in her contention. "Everyone was offering you work as a possible personality, but you had a fixed idea in your head that you were cut out for the straight world.

"You've had success in entertainment, but none whatever in straight work. Are you not being pig-headed and unintelligent?"

I had been both these things, and was resolved to be so no more; but it seemed to be too late. I did two more broadcasts, and one month of compèring some ciné-variety on a cinema circuit, and that was my work in show business for a year.

I sold a couple of short stories and some lyrics, and the total of my income for that year was less than £200. I sold out a small life insurance policy, sold my car and then, as if ashamed at my lack of faith in myself, bought a slightly better one.

And that is that, I thought. I have written to everyone, tried everything. A man can do no more.

This was the worst period of failure I had struck, but it didn't worry me as much as it might have. I realized that I was earning the wages of a slightly swelled head but I knew from previous experience that the bad luck wouldn't last for ever.

Out of the blue, when things couldn't get any worse, came the offer of a radio series from, of all people, André Charlot. Although he had said that I had better get out of the business altogether, he could not, at that time, find anyone in the business to write sketches for radio, so in desperation he engaged me.

This series went well. Meanwhile, Charlot's revue at the Savoy was a worry to him, as his principal comedian, the great John Tilley, was ill. Although a splendid single turn, John was never a good actor in sketches, but he was a vogue at that time, and drew the crowd. And then, at the age of thirty-six, he died.

In the two years that he had been in show business, he had become an established star in West End revue, in cabaret and on the radio.

Vivian Van Damm rang me one morning some time after this sad event and proceeded to make me gasp.

"There is no one to take John's place," he said.

"There never will be," I replied.

"No." Then he chuckled. "How would you like to come along and try to build yourself up into something solid instead of assing about?"

This was the sort of unflattering, realistic attitude that I always admired in him when it came to business, so back I went to the Windmill and there I stayed for nearly four years.

I started with a series of costume acts, partly as a contrast to the evening dress style I used in cabaret. For each show I also wrote a scene or sketch, sometimes two, and more often than not some lyrics.

It was a hard day's work: writing from breakfast to ten thirty, and often before breakfast, too. Rehearsal from eleven to one thirty. A snatched lunch, usually in the theatre canteen high up in the roof overlooking London; then the start of the first show at two-fifteen and thereafter on and off the stage continuously until eleven thirty at night.

SUNDAY was perhaps the hardest day of all, as it was the only chance one really had to write. At one period we went off and made films after the show till two o'clock in the morning as well.

When I started my first show of these four years, many of the old names were still going strong: and the young Liverpudlian lady from the ensemble, Miss Pearl Hackney, had been promoted to the position of chief ballerina.

One of the greatest Windmill characters, and with whom I shared a dressing-room for years, was Stanley West, half of a very excellent double dame act known as *The Old Ladies Of Threadneedle Street*. Stanley and his partner, dressed as chars, would sit

There is only ONE best!

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K. *Bottle* 34/6 · *Half bottle* 18/- · *Qtr. bottle* 9/5 · *Miniature* 3/8

Just what do you look for in Television?

You may answer "All *I* can judge is the cabinet"—few people understand the costly electronic labyrinth behind that polished façade. Ultimately you must trust the manufacturer's reputation. How wise then to trust The General Electric Co. Ltd., whose famous initials G.E.C. are your guarantee of technical thoroughness and reliability.
The receivers are unrivalled for picture brilliance, dependability, performance and technical perfection *whatever your choice of programme . . . B.B.C. or Commercial.*
You can buy a G.E.C. only from specially selected dealers. Fill in coupon below for details.

Post this coupon now — *in unsealed envelope or paste on a postcard, 1½d. stamp in either case.*

14 inch BT1252 65 gns. *tax paid, or hire purchase*

you can't go wrong with G.E.C. *says* EAMONN ANDREWS

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.
MAGNET HOUSE, KINGSWAY, W.C.2

Please send me your fully descriptive publication BT3015 which describes this set and other models in the range, and the name and address of my nearest G.E.C. approved dealer.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

All USE BLOCK LETTERS

No other paraffin is so consistently good
PICK
PINK
PARAFFIN
For heating, lighting and cooking the most reliable paraffin is Pink.
Pink Paraffin is recommended by more manufacturers of paraffin-burning appliances than any other brand.
Pink Paraffin burns smoothly for hour after hour without smoke or unpleasant smells. It's most economical too.
Pink Paraffin is used in signal lamps on British Railways, where reliability is literally a matter of life and death. Pick Pink Paraffin for your heaters and it will give safe, even heat all night.

'ALADDIN' AND 'PINK' ARE JOINT REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS OF ALADDIN INDUSTRIES LTD. AND SHELL-MEX AND B.P. LTD.

YES, this is how it starts. It may seem trifling at first. Yet gradually, this 'receding at the temples' becomes more noticeable. Before long, in many cases, hair grows thinner on top also. *Even so, there is still time* —if you give your hair the care it deserves.

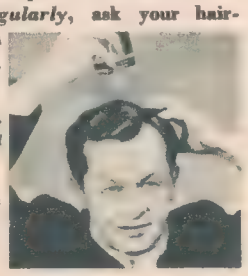
a sad story beginning ?

HAIR troubles bring distress to millions. Yet many deliberately ignore the warning signs, pretend to themselves 'it's nothing to worry about.' Then, one day, the first " thin patches " can no longer be hidden.

Hair needs care. Quite simple care too, the most important thing being to feed and stimulate the scalp and hair roots. For this, it is best to use 'PANTENE', the vitamin hair lotion which is already an outstanding success on the Continent.

By regular use of 'PANTENE', scalp irritations and dandruff are relieved, often within a few days. Stronger growth of the hair cannot be hoped for immediately, but perseverance may bring the richest reward of all. Certainly (provided the hair roots are still capable of life) the hair generally will become fuller and stronger, the " thin patches " not so embarrassingly obvious.

Every morning, 'PANTENE' enriches scalp and hair roots with that important vitamin of the 'B' complex, Panthenol. Use 'PANTENE' *regularly*, ask your hairdresser for a 'Pantene' friction.



'PANTENE'

New Vitamin Hair Tonic

'PANTENE', new to Britain, is the one hair lotion containing that vitamin of the 'B' complex, Panthenol, which research has shown to be important for nourishing the scalp and hair.

Price 15/6 a bottle from Chemists and Hairdressers.

Available both 'with oil' and 'without oil'.

Sole Distributors: Thos. Christy & Co. Ltd. Aldershot.

"If you ask me, it draws *too* well"

side by side on a bench and talk, and first-class talk it often was, written by Stanley.

Tidiness was not one of his qualities, and he would sit at a very old typewriter tapping out dialogue between the shows, peering at what he had written through a pair of glasses held together with string. He would smoke a singularly foul pipe, but one day it became so frightful that we insisted that he emptied it for inspection. We found that he had filled it, absent-mindedly, with a eucalyptus lozenge from the lining of his jacket.

The only time I ever saw him angry was with someone who was too tidy—a middle-aged tenor with ginger hair, who used to paint sunsets on his eyelids. These clashed offensively with his hair, which was one source of irritation to us all; but he also sent packets of laundry off every day; they were so neat that Stanley began to stop typing, fascinated, to watch him do them up.

The ginger tenor would not only see to it that the folds of the brown paper were absolutely symmetrical, he would even plait the loose ends of string so that none hung down.

In the end Stanley could stand it no longer. He leaped up one day, his eyes blazing, flung the door open and ominously pointed in the direction which he wished the inoffensive tenor to follow. "Go, please!" was all he said. The tenor went.

THE proprietor of the theatre in those days was Mrs. Laura Henderson, another character. A widow, she had lost her only son in the first World War, and lived all alone in a huge house in Prince's Gate. She was hospitable, and would invite members of the company to lunch with her.

I went once or twice, and always enjoyed it, if only to be served by footmen in knee breeches. She would also take us for rides in her enormous cerise limousine which had a windmill on the bonnet.

One day between shows, she asked Pearl Hackney and her dancing partner Ivor Beddoes to come out, and told them not to bother about taking off their make-up. Ivor was dressed up as the Devil with stuck-on, pointed ears, and Pearl was a Queen Bee.

What they were both doing in the same ballet I forget, but the cerise limousine drove up the Mall and turned into Buckingham Palace, where Laura alighted and disappeared inside to sign the book of those who had been received at Court.

Pearl still remembers the look of incredulity that spread over the face of the royal footman as he spotted the Devil sitting in the back of the car with a Queen Bee.

Laura was partial to royalty and the theatre saw quite a lot of it as a result. We would often be sent for to the Henderson box at most inconvenient times, and there be presented to the King and Queen of Norway, or some obscure relative of King George V. Sometimes Laura would bring them to the dressing-rooms. This would have been a good thing, if only she had not had the idiosyncracy of never knocking before opening the door.

One instinctively changed one's trousers in a Windmill dressing-room with a swift, impulsive movement, lest one be caught in the act by some roving Scandinavian monarch.

On one occasion, four ballet boys were having a friendly fight without a stitch of clothing on, when their door swung open and Laura, who was looking towards her guest, said: "And this is part of my ballet!" Her Royal Highness the late Princess Helena Victoria is reputed to have said: "So I see!"

SLOWLY and methodically, I started to learn a little about my new craft. We younger ones were all ambitious. In our brief spells of relaxation in the theatre canteen we would lay our plans for the future, as young people have always done.

In one of the three-weekly intervals between shows, I had started to do some work in a new medium called television. The studio, under a Major Eustace Robb, of whom I have never heard since those days, worked upstairs in a house behind Broadcasting House. What the system used was, I am not sure, but it was certainly different from any television production that I have seen since.

Our faces were painted white, and our lips blue. We faced a very strong, flashing white light, and on the white chalk marks on the floor, beyond which we must not stray, men crept along shining mysterious violet lights upon us from strange lamps which they held. Personally I felt there were tremendous possibilities in this medium.

Many of the Windmill Theatre canteen circle did not share my enthusiasms. Ivor Beddoes wanted to paint, not dance. He is now chief scenic designer for a film company.

Another tap dancer called Richard Murdoch thought radio was going to be a good thing to be in on. Our new assistant stage manager, a fair man by the name of Kenneth More, wasn't sure what he wanted to do, but he thought it was to act.

Sometimes at the table in the canteen there would be just Pearl Hackney and me, and we would discuss our plans. I wasn't going to get married until I was about thirty-five, and she was not going to get married until she was at least twenty-eight.

For two years we nattered and planned like a couple of disembodied go-getters. I had a girl friend who irritated her, and one day I discovered

Special Offer!

- 5 sheets of gay Christmas wrapping paper, size 20" x 30"
- 12 printed tie-on cards
- 12 coloured stick-on seals
- 5 yards Christmas Greetings tape
- 6 yards bright red twine

Complete Christmas Wrappings Set-

YOURS FOR ONLY 6°!

EVERYBODY loves receiving exciting-looking parcels—parcels wrapped in attractive coloured paper and tied with bright ribbon and tape. And that's why you'll want to get this grand Christmas offer. Here's everything you need to give the gifts *you* send that extra-special 'Happy Christmas' air. For only 6d you can get large sheets of gaily coloured paper, tie-on greetings cards, Christmas seals and lots of bright red twine and Christmas tape.

HOW TO GET YOUR SET—

Collect 6 tops or wrappers (mixed, or all of the same kind) from Rinso, Vim or Knight's Castile. Then fill in your name and address on the voucher (right) and send it, with the tops or wrappers and a postal order for 6d for each set you require, to:—

CHRISTMAS WRAPPINGS Dept., E,
121 Grange Road, London, S.E.1

In return you will receive this complete Christmas wrappings set.

CHRISTMAS WRAPPINGS Dept., E, 121 GRANGE ROAD LONDON, S.E.1

(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

COUNTY .....
(OR POSTAL DISTRICT)

Additional vouchers are available at your local shop

This offer, which is valid in the U.K. only, closes on 21st November, 1955

Valor

makers of over 5,000,000 heaters during the last 30 years

Officially recommend

ESSO BLUE paraffin

Valor products are manufactured by THE VALOR Co., Ltd., (Registered Proprietors), Birmingham, 24, Wholesale Distributors in U.K., ESSO PETROLEUM Co. LTD., 36, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1.

CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL

Say good-bye to clumsy Corn pads and risky razors—A new liquid NOXACORN ends pain in 60 Seconds. Dries up Callouses and Corns, roots and all; Saves untold misery: Contains pure Castor Oil, Iodine and pain-relieving Benzocaine.

Here is unsolicited testimony:—

★ "IT HAS DONE WONDERS TO MY FOOT."
★ "AFTER TRYING NOXACORN — CORNS HAVE GONE."
★ "SINCE USING NOXACORN . . . I HAVE NEVER BEEN TROUBLED."

(The originals of above may be seen on request).

Noxacorn is obtainable at Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylor and all Chemists.

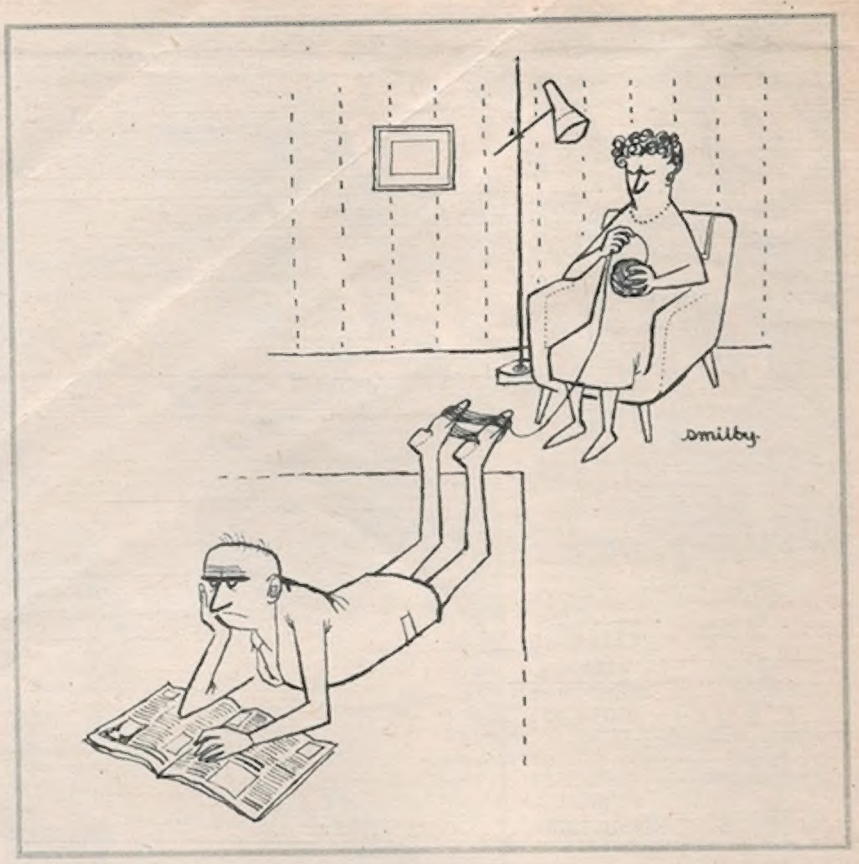
Price 1/11 including Purchase Tax

NOXACORN

Victory-V GUMS & LOZENGES *for cold journeys*

The sweet with the inner glow

FRYER & CO. (NELSON) LTD. NELSON, LANCS



that she had a boy friend. He was a most pleasant character, and we still send one another Christmas cards, but then for some reason he vaguely irritated me.

I suddenly realized that after two years I was being unfaithful to the No Marriage League, and was regarding the eighteen-year-old ballerina with a biological interest. It was all most disturbing after talking to her for two years, without ever once reflecting that she was a woman.

I had just received one of the few offers I ever had at the Windmill—to go to Australia—so I decided to go while the going was good.

MY contract was with the Tivoli Theatre, Melbourne, to appear in vaudeville there for ten weeks, my third-class fare being paid both ways.

I travelled out on the last trip of the P. & O. branch steamer Barrabool, a one-class liner. I embarked on a cold April day in the dreary George V Dock in London's East End, and, having secured the cabin I was after, took careful stock of my fellow artists, who were to be my companions in the great adventure.

I did this by getting the purser to point them out to me. They consisted of a Belgian act, two colossal German acrobats and two young brothers who did a comedy boxing act. These were accompanied by their mother and by their father, who was evidently their manager.

Whether the fact that he wore a flannel shirt with no collar throughout the voyage was good for business or not, it was hard for me to say at that juncture. Perhaps, I thought, he had heard that Australians liked a man to wear a flannel shirt with no collar.

I kept an open mind on this subject, but judged that my fellow artists and I would not be particularly good company for one another over a period of five weeks, so I was careful not to reveal myself as one of the party until on the point of disembarking at Melbourne.

I opened at the theatre with an act about cricket. I thought it would be just the thing for Australia. As it happened I was quite wrong. Melbourne in those days was not unduly interested in cricket, but addicted to horse racing.

There was a race meeting every week, and squatters would think nothing of driving five or six hundred miles to it. So I changed the cricketing act and did a big game hunting one, which was more successful, though it made no theatrical history. This did not worry me as much as it should have done, the hours I spent in the theatre being for me the least interesting ones.

Fortunately the local representative of the Australian Broadcasting Commission took a liking to my work, and I did a broadcast once a week from his studios.

I stayed for nearly three months in Melbourne. It is a fine, gracious city even when you are at the bottom of the bill and without money to burn.

I had been expecting a rough place, with huge, monosyllabic men with hats and burnished bronze chests. I found, instead, a city of culture and prosperity, with tasteful homes to which I was frequently invited, and a growing colony of artists.

Only the primary portrait painter of the state, Tom Challen, had a studio of which he was secretly a little ashamed. High up overlooking the Yarra river, it was a faithful replica of a European painter's poverty-stricken studio, even down to the saucers of milk and the smell of unseen cats.

"I have to keep this European," he explained apologetically. "Local society expects to have its portrait painted in an authentic setting."

I found that far from being large, burnished men, dust-caked from the plains, the Australians loved to get into evening dress.

Once I was caught off my guard by being asked after the show on a Saturday night to go to a party, by a handsome man in a dinner jacket, only to realize from his conversation as he drove me to the party in his large American car, that he was one of the stage hands, who rarely bothered to shave during the week.

The standard of Australian tailoring was not high, however, and I received many handsome offers from rich people outside the theatre for my modest Savile Row wardrobe.

WHEN my tour was over, I sailed for home. Back in London, I strolled to the stage door of the Windmill, and sent a message to the chief ballerina's dressing-room to the effect that an admirer was at the stage door who would be honoured to take her to supper after the show.

The admirer being first called upon to supply his name, the offer was accepted, and not many days later we were married.

She was nineteen; I was twenty-four. She was knocking up a steady £10 a week; I was out of work.

Looking back after twenty years, I know that that particular wedding day was also a most lucky day for me.

NEXT WEEK: My war at sea —in H.M.S. Waterlogged

LAST WEEKS of CHRISTMAS DINNERS!

"Bullets" prizes value over

£1,000

£500 CASH 1st PRIZE PLUS XMAS TURKEY and £75 TV

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s. each plus TURKEY

30 SURREY FOWLS

50 XMAS CAKES

1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

LUXURY CHESTS—see coupon

£100 FOR XMAS

In the Christmas posts there will be £100 CASH—an EXTRA distribution amongst entrants who win one of the "TOP 20" awards in any two of the EIGHT *Bullets* Contests from No. 2,099 to 2,016.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated December 10, and in JOHN BULL dated December 24), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, December 3, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,014 result.)

HOW TO WIN—ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,014" John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

For The Nation
That Squeeze
Christmas Fever
The Savings Lifeboat
Science Marches On, But
In The Air
Baby's World
Broke Up The Home
The Space Problem
Down With The Slums And
Duel To The Death
His New Love
Has To Eat
After All The Ballyhoo
Electrified
Lucky To Be Alive
Flaw In The Metal
She Imagines
Like A Wounded Tiger
Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions
There's No Tax On....., So
Turned On The.....
Littered With .....
Another Little .....
.....In The Pub
When Grandpa Met.....
★Scrambled "Example"
YOTSHEN
(2-Minute Teaser—rearrange letters to make extra one-word "Example")

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 2,009

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Turkey and Plum Pudding: T. R. Taylor, 130 Hook Road, Goole, Yorkshire:

Without Her Cloak And—"Dagger"—Smokeless City

£25: H. Jones, 40 Greenbank Road, Liverpool: OUT OF THE ARMY—SAPLING—"SPRUCE" AND "MAHOGANY"!

£10: J. R. Taylor, 132 Hemper Lane, Sheffield: GOING ALL OUT—ZATOPEK—WIFE THROWS *Javelins*!

OTHER AWARDS. £9: C. A. West, 61 Highview Avenue, Edgware: IN MOTH-BALLS—"THE CLOTH" *Invites* ATTACK. £8: W. H. Ford, "Cotswold Crest," Stow-on-the-Wold: MAN OF THE MOMENT—FOR *Years* YET, MINER! £7: D. N. Merchant, 170 Hampstel Road, Southend-on-Sea: SLOWLY, SURELY—YARD—SUDDENLY, *Prisoner's* BAFFLED! £6: J. L. Steel, 27 Clinton Road, Leatherhead: HASN'T CHANGED—ITS VALUE—*Optimistic* "NOTE." £5: F. Barber, "Birley House," Carlton-in-Lindrick, Worksop: A BIT CHILLY—NEIGHBOUR? PUT KETTLE ON! £5: Mrs. K. Stannard, 11 Falconers Road, Scarborough: A BIT CHILLY—DOVE FINDING MAKARIOS'S BEARD! £5: Mrs. C. Wrightson, 5 Castle Cottages, Littleham Village, Exmouth: DAD'S TRIED SAVING, BUT—HE KEEPS GETTING *Rises*!

(Each winner from £25 to £5 receives also a Turkey and Pudding.)

Winners of £2 10s. plus Turkey and Pudding, 25 Fowls and 50 Cakes have been notified. 250 "Ten-Shots" and 1,250 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX ..... 6d.

B.

EX ..... 6d.

B.

EX ..... 6d.

B.

EX ..... 6d.

B.

LUXURY CHESTS FOR CHRISTMAS Overflowing with Christmas Extras—Cake, Chocolates, Cigarettes, Biscuits, Christmas Pudding, Cream, Crackers, etc., etc.—one to each of 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value.... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

TO HELP YOU WIN Don't miss your entertaining *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Stick 2½d. stamp on right to receive copy on Saturday, December 3. 827

2,014
Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 21

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for *"Bulletin"*

Growing up is a full time job

Keep baby happy by giving a timely dose of Fennings' children's cooling powders . . . recognised for over 90 years for the relief of teething troubles and the ups-and-downs of childhood.

Fennings'
CHILDREN'S COOLING POWDERS
DO NOT CONTAIN MERCURY
From Chemists, Stores and Co-ops everywhere

For your free copy of the new and enlarged edition of "Every Mother's Book" (incorporating "Everybody's Doctor") write to Sales Office, Dept. 309.

ALFRED FENNINGS • HORSHAM • SUSSEX

The unique prescription for COLDS and FLU

Here are your symptoms
SNEEZING · SHIVERING
HEADACHE · SORE THROAT
RUNNING EYES and NOSE
HIGH TEMPERATURE
MUSCULAR PAINS

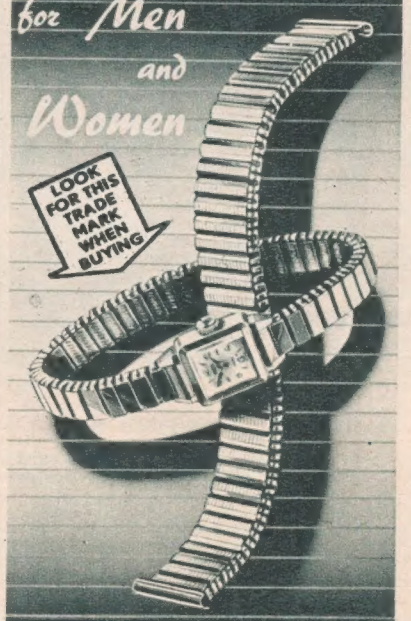
...Now take a BEECHAM'S POWDER

The unique formula of Beecham's Powders brings under control the worst symptoms of a Cold, Feverish Chill or attack of Flu. Because of their powder form Beecham's Powders are quickly assimilated and speedy in action. So, be wise! When you feel a cold or flu coming on take Beecham's Powders and have the benefit at once. Buy some now and keep them handy!

Cartons of 8 1/7.
2 Powders for 5½d.
Also in tablet form 1/7 per bottle

Take BEECHAM'S POWDERS For QUICK RELIEF!

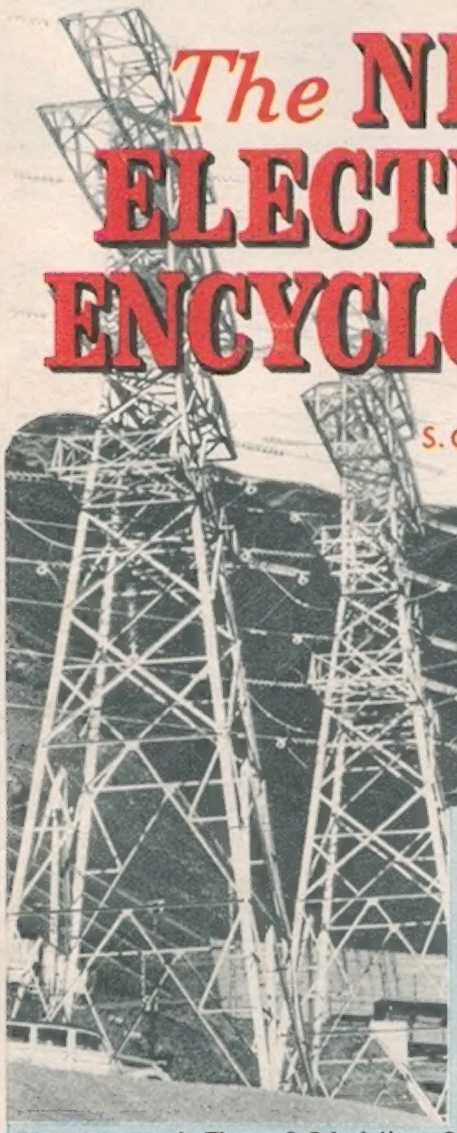
R&W
EXPANSION WATCH BRACELETS WITHOUT CENTRE-CLASP
Fixoflex
PAT. No. 697592
for Men and Women



MADE IN ROLLED GOLD OR STAINLESS STEEL THROUGHOUT.
OBTAINABLE FROM ALL JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

FREE OFFER — *Examine either or both these Works ENTIRELY FREE for 7 days!*



The NEW ELECTRICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA

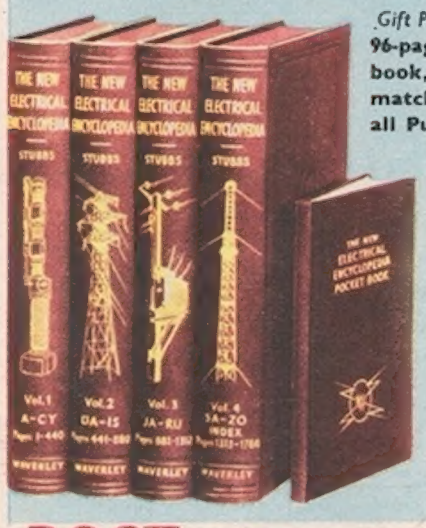
General Editor:
S. G. BLAXLAND STUBBS, O.B.E.

Legal Editor: Sir JOHN DALTON, F.C.I.S., A.M.I.E.E. *Associate Staff Editor:* Lt.-Col. R. A. BAYNTON, T.D., B.Sc.(Eng.), A.C.G.I., A.M.I.E.E. *Associate Editors:* N. H. CODLING, D.F.H.(Hons.), A.M.I.E.E., W. H. DATE, B.Sc., M.I.E.E., C. J. O. GARRARD, M.Sc., M.I.E.E., S. C. HEWARD, B.Eng., A.M.I.E.E., J. HOLMES WALKER, Ph.D. M.Sc., M.I.E.E.

A Permanent Work of Reference and Practice for ALL engaged in the Electrical Industry. Written by many well-known leading Electrical Engineers, it provides a vast amount of authentic and detailed information essential to Specialists in their daily work.

Lavishly illustrated with colour throughout to simplify diagrams and apparatus, it provides students and apprentices with all the facts they need to pass examinations. Strongly bound in four large volumes, the work is completely cross-referenced and indexed.

All practical aspects of:—**Theory & Calculations, Cables & Wires, Electricity Supply: Power Station Practice, Transmission, Distribution, B.E.A., National Grid, etc. Switchgear & Protective Devices. Machines, including Motors, Generators, Transformers, Rectifiers, Amplidynes, etc. Motor Control Gear, Meters & Measurement. Faults & Testing. Wiring & Installation. Domestic Appliances. Lighting & Lamps. Heating & Cooking. Industrial Heating & Furnaces. Air-Conditioning. Refrigeration. Batteries, Electro-Plating & Electro-Chemistry. Electronics: Radio, Television, Radar, Industrial Control, etc. Welding, Traction, Lifts & Escalators. Electricity in Automobiles. Farming, etc. Law & Regulations. Staff, Wages & Conditions. Profession & Business. Training & Education.**

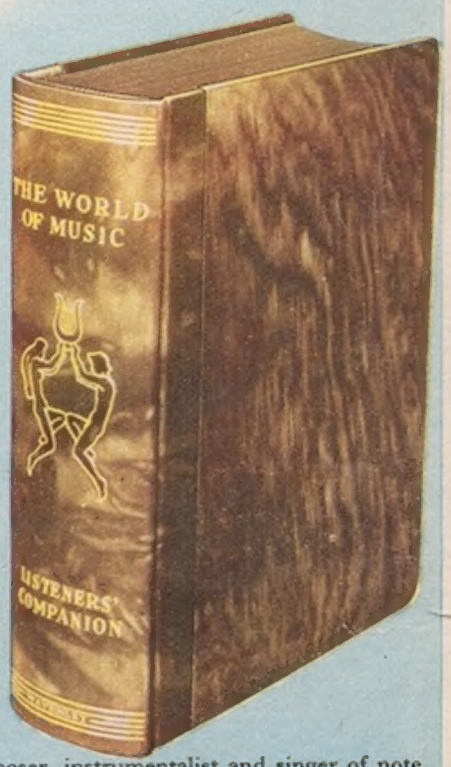


Gift Pocket Book 96-page pocket-book, bound to match, FREE to all Purchasers!

2,678 ILLUSTRATIONS
113 FOLDING and OTHER PLATES and CHARTS— MANY IN COLOURS

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

A Treasury for Viewer and Listener



THIS one volume—THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD—contains an entertaining and instructive **International** Encyclopedia for the millions of listeners for whom no popular and comprehensive handbook has yet been published, and it has been skilfully compiled as a readable and interesting guide to the world of music.

There are also articles on every composer, instrumentalist and singer of note in both the classical and popular fields, and on all the best-known compositions from symphonies to popular songs, with quotations from the words and music. The plots of all the great operas and musical comedies are given in detail.

Some of the subjects included: **MUSICAL TERMS, THEORY, OPERA, MUSIC IN FILMS, FOLK MUSIC, BELL-RINGING, INTERNATIONAL RADIO INTERVAL SIGNALS, JAZZ, BALLET, CHURCH MUSIC, COMPOSERS IN HISTORIC PERSPECTIVE, ELEMENTS OF MUSIC, LISTS OF RECORDINGS, SELF-STUDY COURSES FOR PIANO, GUITAR, PIANO ACCORDION AND BALLROOM DANCING.**

2,000 Illustrations
Photographs, Charts, Drawings, Autographs, Scores, etc.

The Book measures 10¼ ins. x 7¾ ins. and is superbly bound in Natural Calf with gold lettering on the spine and solid Mahogany panels.

EASY TERMS - only 10/6 monthly if purchased after examination

Remember

Poppy Day

POST EITHER OR BOTH OF THESE FREE EXAMINATION FORMS TODAY!

To THE WAVERLEY BOOK CO., LTD
(Dept. J.B. 31), 96 and 97 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me, carriage paid, for seven days' FREE examination, "THE NEW ELECTRICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA," complete in four volumes. It is understood that I may return the work within eight days with no further obligation. If I keep it, I will send you a first payment of 10/6 eight days after delivery, and fifteen monthly payments of 10/6, thus completing the purchase price of £8/8/0. It is understood that the Gift Pocket Book will be sent to me FREE on receipt of my first payment. **Cash Price Within 8 days, £8.**

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation..... State if Householder.....

Signature..... Date.....

(Parent's if under 21) J.B. 31. **Please fill in all particulars asked**

To THE WAVERLEY BOOK CO., LTD.
(Dept. J.B. 32), 96 and 97 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me, carriage paid, for seven days' FREE examination, "THE WORLD OF MUSIC." It is understood that I may return the work on the eighth day after I receive it, with no further obligation. If I keep it I will send you a first payment of 10/6, eight days after delivery and eleven monthly payments of 10/6, thus completing the purchase price of £6/6/0. **Cash Price Within 8 Days, £6.**

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Occupation..... State if Householder.....

Signature.....

(Parent's if under 21) J.B. 32. **Please fill in all particulars asked**